# Frontier Times

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*"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants."—Macauley*

**Published Monthly at Bandera, Texas, by J. Marvin Hunter**

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in the original Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES—which affords us a chance to welcome our Charter Subscribers and to explain a few matters of importance about the facsimiles.

One, Western Publications has only *one* complete set of the old FRONTIER TIMES and it is from this set that your facsimile copies are being reproduced. Over the years we have tried to complete a second set (just in case something happened to the first) but so far we have been unsuccessful. We still lack Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. II, Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6. If any of you have extra copies of these issues and would like to sell or trade them, please let us know. On the other hand, and of possible benefit to you, in trying to complete our second set we have had to purchase many copies we did *not* need in order to get one or two issues that we could use. (Most offers were on an all-or-nothing basis.) We therefore invite any reader who's trying to complete his set of originals to let us know what issues he needs and we'll check to see if we have them among our duplicates. These are not "mint" but are in good condition.

For those of you who are not trying to fill out a collection but would just like to own an original or two, we will fill those orders also, on a first-come, first-served basis. In some cases we have only three or four copies; in others, we might have a dozen or more. Please address any correspondence concerning *original* copies to the attention of Susan Washburn at this office.

The price for a *specific* issue will be $3.00 postpaid; the price for an issue of our own selection (that is, you leave it up to us to send what's available) will be $2.50 postpaid.

Which brings up the second matter of importance: please don't forget that our address is Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. We're afraid that some of you may forget and use the old address at Bandera—and maybe try to write some of the advertisers! The addresses in this magazine you are holding are no longer valid—and unfortunately neither are the prices! You will note the prices Mr. Hunter charged in the beginning. What with our publishing on more expensive paper, mailing in envelopes, and the ungodly increase in costs on *everything*, we wonder if we will come out even as well as he did. Oh, to have those good old 1923 nickels and dimes back again!

We have received a wonderful response to our reprinting these old issues which truly witnessed the end of an era in our country's history. Nothing in them will be changed or deleted—so once more, just until you have time to get used to it—don't forget that if you need to write us, the correct address is *Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.*—Joe "Hosstail" Small

**FOR GIFTS FOR YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS**
**FOR ALL OCCASIONS, SEE**
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# FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 1—No. 7. APRIL, 1924 $1.50 Per Year

## Faithful Negro Wields Axe in Big Fight.

The first settlement made in that part of Collin county east of Pilot Grove Creek was in 1848 by Captain John Yeary, who located at Old Sugar Hill, a short distance from where Farmersville now stands. Captain Yeary was among the very first settlers in the western part of Lamar county, and was captain of a small company of rangers and often pursued the Indians that had depredated on the waters of the Sulphurs and the Trinity.

In April, 1848, Captain Yeary's family consisted of himself, his wife and one daughter, Miss Vina, a most beautiful girl of sixteen, his three sons, Walter, David and James, and a faithful negro man known as Anderson. The family at the time was living on Sulphur which was on the outside verge of the settlement. The eldest son, Walter, then about eighteen years old, had gone to Fort Towson for supplies. Captain Yeary, his two little boys and Anderson were in the field three or four hundred yards from the house. Anderson was plowing, the Captain was hoeing, and the two little boys were thinning corn. Pursuing their work with no thought of danger, they were suddenly startled by the screams of the women at the house and the furious barking of the dogs. Looking in the direction from whence came the alarm, they were horrified to see the home being surrounded by Indians. Captain Yeary started at full speed with his hoe, calling to Anderson to follow. The Captain was, at that time, in the full vigor of manhood, being over six feet in stature and weighed over two hundred pounds.

Evidently the Indians, being so intent on surrounding and breaking into the house, had not discovered the Captain and his little force in the field, and they were hardly aware of his presence until he was near the yard fence when they turned to meet him—and just then came off one of the most desperate hand-to-hand struggles known in frontier history. The Indians had closed around him with knives, tomahawks, and bows and arrows, and he had only his hoe! With the rage of a demon and the strength of a giant, he lay about him with that hoe with such effect that every Indian that came in his reach was laid sprawling to the ground. In the meantime he continued advancing toward his yard fence. A large, active Indian with drawn knife had been crowding him and so far he had managed to dodge the Captain's blows aimed at his head. Just before reaching the fence this Indian made one more effort to use his long knife. It was his last. Determined to settle him the Captain brought his hoe in swing with deadly force. The Captain then leaped over the yard fence, calling to his wife for his gun. The yard was swarming with Indians and, although covered with wounds, the Captain had no thought of yielding. He ordered Anderson to charge the red devils and fighting right and left the savages went down like autumnleaves. When he left his plow he was wholly unarmed, but h thought of the ax and flanking the enemy he reached the woodpile, got the ax and fell upon them with savage fury.

When Mrs. Yeary emerged from the house she carried two guns, one of which she handed to her husband, the other she used herself. Just at this moment the two small boys came up, armed only with sticks. Three arrows pierced Mrs. Yeary's shoulder, one struck her in the hip and one entered her thigh. Shooting down the nearest Indian she threw down her gun, siezed a stick and kept up the fight until the Indians took fight.

The Captain followed and so intent was he, endeavoring to shoot an Indian that was making for the fence, that he stumbled over an Indian in the corner of the chimney, who had a gun which he snapped at the Captain. The Captain kicked the breath out of that Indian and seizing the gun from the hands of the savage, broke his head with it, his own gun having missed fire. The Indians es-

caped to the brush, leaving several of their number dead in the yard.

Anderson wielded his ax with deadly effect, and proved a hero in defense of his master and mistress. He received several wounds, but none serious. Captain Yeary's clothes were pierced with arrows and slashed with knives and he came out of the fight with many wounds, the most serious being in the head. Mrs. Yeary's most serious wound was in the thigh where the arrow had pierced to the bone and bent so that it was withdrawn with great difficulty and caused the most excrutiating pain.

Too late to render assistance in the battle, a friendly Indian arrived soon after the fight was over. He had learned of the intended attack and was hastening to inform the family of the impending danger. He said that one of the objects of the assault was to capture the young lady and carry her into captivity.

Anderson, who had shown the loftiest courage in this fight, gave an amusing account of the action a few weeks after it occurred. "Tell yo' sah," said he, "Marse John done gone an' forgit all 'bout de meetin' house and de Baptis' church. Yes, he did, sah, an' he mus' a thought he was wid Gin'l Jackson at de Hoss Shoe Bend. Why, sah, when he heard dem dawgs bark an' Missus a screamin' and seed dem Injuns all roun' de house, oh man! you orter seed Marse John run! He only tuck time to say, 'Come on, An'erson,' an' dat man was done gone. When he got to de fence he hab nuffin but his hoe an' right den he commence breakin' haids. Dem Injuns run to meet him an' he dis slashed dis way and dat way an' knockin' fust one an' den anoder an' den he busted de haid o' de big Injun an' de hoe hannel broke clean off. All de time he was cussin.' Huh! yo' nebber heard a man cuss lak Marse John cuss dem low down Injus. Den he holler to old Missus to bring his gun. He jumped ober de fence, and yell to me an' he says 'An'erson, charge 'em; charge de d—m scoundrels, we can whup 'em. D—m 'em—save your ole Missus and young Missy.' He den commenced knockin' 'em down as fas' as he could git at 'em, som Injuns sprawlin' on de ground; ole Missus comin' wid de gun, de arows a flyin,' de tomahawks and knives a-flashin' aroun' eberwhar. ole Marse his haid a bleedin,' young Missey holdin' de do' to keep de Injuns from gittin' her, and blood runnin' out o' Injuns lak water. I was doin' my bes' an' when I got de ax, ole Marse de gun, and Missus de stick, dem Injuns des cut an' run lak de debil was after 'em, an' Marse John he kick one 'bout ten feet, what was snappin' a ole flintlock gun at him. I tell yo' sah, it was a orful fight, and de way Marse John fout and cuss was turrible. I guess dem Injuns will nebber come back no mo.'"

## The Council House Fight in San Antonio.

From H. G. Bedford's "Indian Troubles in Texas."

Early in 1840, while Colonel H. W. Carnes, was in San Antonio, some Comanche chiefs sent a message indicating their desire for a treaty of peace. Although they had done this a number of times, and had as often broken their treaty, yet the people were so much wearied with continuous warfare in which property was being destroyed, life unsafe and very unpleasant, and their women and children being carried into captivity and bearing the greatest part of the suffering, caused by these continuous raids, that they had become anxious for some means to insure protection, and were now again willing to give them another trial at a treaty, though very doubtful of its results. Having little confidence in the sincerity of the Indians, they took every precaution to so conduct this treaty with them as to insure success under it. The Indians who presented the proposition to Colonel Carnes, were informed by him, that if they would deliver all of the white prisoners whom they held in captivity, some thirteen in all, that they would have peace. They promised that they would do so at the next full moon. This information was conveyed to the government, and Colonel Fisher was sent to San Antonio with a good force of men, ready to meet any emergency that might arise while the treaty was in progress. Colonel W. G. Cooke and General H. D. McLeod were appointed as commissioners to treat with the Indians. According to the agreement, at the full

moon of March, sixty-five Comanches, including men, women and children, came into San Antonio, ostensibly for the purpose of making a treaty of peace. Although they had promised to bring in all of the prisoners, only one, Miss Matilda Lockhart, was brought; yet they were known to have several others, among them Mrs. Webster and her little girl. Twelve Comanche chiefs were met in the Council House by the commissioners, Colonel Cooke and General McLeod, with an interpreter. When our commissioners asked where the prisoners were whom they had promised to deliver Mukawarrah, the chief who made the promise at the first interview, replied, "We have brought the only one we have; the others are with other tribes." This was known to be false, for Miss Lockhart had said that she had seen seeveral persons at their camp the evening before, and that they intended to bring in one or two at a time in order to get a greater ransom for them. A pause ensued, after which the chief inquired, "How do you like the answer?" No reply was made at first. A messenger was sent immediately to Captain Howard to bring his company into the council room. When the company had marched in the interpreter was told to inform the chiefs that they would be held as prisoners until the others were brought in. This the interpreter refused to do, saying that the instant he told them they would fight. The commisioners insisted, and placing himself near the door, he told them and then left at once. As the interpreter had predicted, the chiefs immediately prepared for action. Some strung their bows and drew their arrows, and others drew their scalping knives. As the commissioners were retiring, one of the chiefs attempted to jump past the sentinel, who attempted to prevent him and was stabbed by the Indian. Captain Howard was also stabbed. The fight then became general, and not until the last chief was slain did the conflict end. The Indians who were on the outside, hearing the firing on the inside, immediately attacked the soldiers who were stationed around the house and fought with desperation. Captain Caldwell, (known as Old Paint) was attacked by a powerful warrior and being unarmed was forced to protect himself by throwing rocks until someone shot and killed the Indian. In an adjoining room Mr. Morgan was attacked by two Indians, but succeeded in killing them both. Captain Denington was killed by a squaw, who shot an arrow through his body. Judge Thompson was in the yard amusing himself setting up pieces of money for the little Indians to shoot at. While thus engaged he was killed by an arrow before he had thought of any danger. Judge Hood was killed in the Council House. Colonel Wells rode into the plaza just as the fight commenced, when a powerful Indian jumped up behind him and tried to throw him from the horse but failing in that he then tried to make the run from the plaza. The Colonel tried to draw his pistol, but could not do so, as his arms were held by the Indian close to his body, and after having circled around the plaza two or three times, one of the soldiers shot the Indian, who, no doubt to the great satisfaction of Colonel Wells, fell to the ground at once. The Indians were finally forced by Colonel Redd and his company to take refuge in a stone house nearby, where all the wariors were shot except one who had hidden himself in another building Every inducement was offered to this one to come from the house, but he would not do so, until finally, in order to induce him to come out, they saturated a large ball of rags with turpentine, and setting it on fire, dropped it in upon him, when he immediately sprang from the house and was shot to pieces by the soldiers. During the engagement several of the warriors made their way across the San Antonio river, but were pursued and all were killed, except a renegade Mexican who made his escape. All the warriors, thirty-three in number, with three women and two children were killed and twenty-seven women and children were made prisoners. The Texans had seven killed and eight wounded. After the fight a squaw was sent to the Comanches to inform them that if they would bring in all of their prisoners that an exchange would be made. After a lapse of several days a body of Comanches made their appearance some distance from San Antonio, yet in sight of the town, and raised a white flag. The white men met them with a white flag and learned that they had their prisoners ready this time. The exchange was soon made. When the prisoners were exchanged the rejoicing on both sides was overwhelming

# My Experience on the Range and on the Trail.

Written by A. Huffmeyer, San Antonio.

The subject of this article was born in Kendall County, Texas, on a farm on the Guadalupe River, November 25, 1855. I was left an orphan at 4 years of age and taken to Castroville and put in charge of a foster mother by the name of Christilles. This was just a short time before the Civil War, and I lived there until after its close.

Those were hard time in this country. People thought they were making great sacrifices during the World War just ended; if they had gone through what the old pioneers of the Civil War had to they would see they had a picnic compared to that. Such a thing as a real cup of coffee was not to be had at all. Instead they roasted corn and acrons and mixed certain portions together and used it. Sugar, flour, syrup, or even the commonest grades of molasses, were luxuries not to be thought of.

I don't remember ever getting as much as a stick of barber-pole candy for Christmas, nor a pair of shoes, even for Sunday wear Fortunately, we had plenty of good fat beef, and milk and butter, and cornbread and vegetables we could raise, so nobody had to suffer the pangs of hunger.

On January 1, 1866, when I was 10 years old, my Uncle Louis Oge, who had a ranch out on the Frio River, Frio county, took charge of me and placed me in Saint Mary's College, San Antonio, where I stayed until January 1, 1870. About that time he came to San Antonio after a load of provisions and decided to take me along out to the ranch, mostly as company to his young wife, he having just recently married.

Now, you can imagine how glad I was to get out of that college, after having been cooped up for four long years. I felt like a bird out of a cage.

I was then 14 years old and never had any experience in ranch life. His ranch was located 35 miles southwest of where Pearsall is now, this being long before that town was started, and four miles above Frio Town, the county seat, which was just laid out and organized that year. His nearest neighbor was James Blackaller, who lived about 200 yards away, and the next nearest was Jake Vinton, two miles above on the river.

Well, after uncle had his wagon loaded we started for the ranch. The first day we traveled 32 miles, camping on the Francisco Creek, seven miles south of Castroville, which was about the last settlement on our trip. So far everything had gone all right, but the next day things were getting to look scary to me —nothing but heavy brush and prickly pear to see. I could imagine there was a bunch of Indians laying for us in every thicket. The only ranch we passed that day was the John Redus ranch on the Hondo.

After that there were no more until we reached home. The second day we camped on the Seco, about 12 miles from our destination, and just before we got to the creek we found where someone had killed a wild hog and left about one-half of it, only taking the hams and ribs. I asked my uncle who could have killed it. He replied possibly some ranshman living several miles up the creek.

That explanation was probably true, but it did not satisfy me at all. I could not think of anything but Indians having done it. So after we selected a camping ground a little way from the mani road and, having had supper, spread down our pallet on the ground and turned in.

My uncle was soon snoring away, but you can bet your life this kid did not sleep a wink that night for fear a bunch of Indians would pounce upon and kill us But my fears were all uncalled for, as nothing outside of the howling coyotes and lobo wolves, which were feasting on the remnant of the forementioned hog, was heard. So next day noon we reached our destination without any mishaps, and Mrs. Oge seemed very glad to see us, after having been alone for a week, with only a young negro named Henry Tollet as company. So next day uncle and the Negro Henry saddled up their cow ponies and went at their daily work, which was roping and branding mavericks. Now perhaps many readers of this article will wonder what a maverick was, so I will explain how the name originated.

Before the war Mr. Sam Maverick, the father of Sam, Albert and William Maverick, now living in San Antonio, was the largest stockman in this part of

the country, having many thousand head of cattle, and during the war all available men were forced to take up arms and go to war, which left no one to look after cattle or anything else. The consequence of which brought on thousands of unbranded cattle from one to three and four years old, so after the war when the soldiers returned they found conditions as above stated and everybody who could afford to buy a few cow ponies got busy and commenced roping and branding those cattle, and since Mr. Maverick's holdings were so much larger than anyone else's the natural supposition with every one was that most of them belonged to him; hence the name.

Well, my job on the ranch soon got on my nerves, and I soon began to yearn to go out with uncle and Henry and help them rope and brand mavericks; so after about six months of that kind of life, I finally persuaded my uncle to let me accompany them on their rounds.

So he ordered Mr. Charley Stewart, a Yankee living at the Sheidly ranch, four miles below on the river, who made saddle-making a business, to make a saddle and bridle for me. I think the anticipations of that event were the happiest of my whole life. So in about ten days my outfit was ready, saddle, bridle, blanket and rope. The first thing I did after getting it I disobeyed orders and got into trouble.

My uncle caught one of the gentlest ponies for me and saddled it. He sent me down to Friotown after a few pounds of nails. So I got upon my pony and started to town. I had hardly gone a mile when I saw a bunch of cattle and three mavericks amongst them. Well, that was too much for me. I could not pass by without trying to catch one of those suckers.

I took down my rope and decided to ropee one of them and tie it to a mesquite sappling and let Henry come down and brand and mark it. Fortunately, this was in a pretty open stretch of country, and my pony knew his business. So I took after them and selected the nicest one, a big brindle-colored fellow, and soon caught up with him. I commenced throwing my rope at him. After about seven or eight trials I finally caught him after he was thoroughly exhausted.

I had no trouble in tying him to a tree. Unfortunately for me I failed to drop the bridle reins over my pony's neck to the ground, in which case he would have remained on the spot, as he was accustomed to. While I was tying the maverick to the sappling, my pony just trotted away back to the ranch.

When I took after him he went faster and faster, and I was left afoot. Going back to the ranch, you can imagine how my uncle felt when he saw that pony come loping up to the ranch without the rider.

He jumped on a horse and leading my pony came down to find out what had happened. He soon saw me coming along and asked what the trouble was. So I up and told him what had happened that I had a fine maverick tied down the road for him.

"I didn't send you out to rope mavericks, I sent you after nails!" He further reprimanded me sharply for disobeying orders, so I remounted my pony and fulfilled my errand. This ended my first experience in roping mavericks.

After that I soon got on to the ways of catching them. While my uncle and Henry would catch from fifteen to twenty a day each, I would come along with ten to twelve, until I got to be about as good as they were.

This work kept on for about three years, then Mr. Calvin Woodward and Mr. Oge formed a partnership and embarked in the Kansas drives, making their first drive in 1873, and taking up a herd each successive spring until 1883, I think. The first real beef cattle, however, that were driven out of that country was done by Bishop and Collins, who commenced buying up aged steers in 1868 and driving them down to Indianola and shipping them to New Orleans. Those were the cream of the steer cattle in those days, buying nothing under four and five years old up to ten and twelve years, and paying from eight to ten dollars per head.

They would buy up from 200 to 250 head at a time, and as Mr. Oge had a large beef pen on his ranch, they made that one of their stopping places. I venture to say they had many steers in their herds that would weigh from 1,200 to 1,600 or 1,800 pounds. They looked like corn-fed cattle.

People were honest in those times. Bishop and Collins paid cash in gold coin for all the beeves they bought and carried their money buckled around their waists. While everybody was

armed to the teeth on account of Indians there never was any stick-'em-up stunts pulled off, as is customary today. I have seen Mr. Collins unbuckle his belt crammed full of yellow boys and hang it on a mesquite limb over his pallet and lie down to sleep soundly all night, never once thinking of taking any chances of losing it.

In January, 1873, Woodward and Oge prepared to take up their first herd; so got up a bunch of cowboys, mostly Mexicans, rounding up all the beef cattle they could get along with the mavericks, and after branding the latter they would turn them and the she cattle loose on the range. Their foreman was Henry Curtis from Goliad. He and myself being the only white men in the bunch with from six to eight Mexican vaqueros as company.

We first worked out all the country tributary to the ranch, holding all the steer cattle we secured, regardless of whom they belonged to. In those days the cattlemen were only too glad to get rid of their cattle in that way, trusting to the drivers' honesty in paying for them on their return. After working out all the country around the ranch we would go out to certain pens which had been put up at permanent waterholes and work from one to another. As soon as we rounded up several hundred head of beeves we would send them to the ranch, and kept that up until they had the required amount.

Our camping outfit consisted of an old coffee pot and skillett and lid, and a tin cup for each man. Our provisions were a bag of cornmeal and about ten pounds of green coffee and salt, which we packed on one of the gentlest ponies we had, each man having a couple of blankets, a blue army overcoat, which was about the only thing we could get to keep warm (but not dry, as they were not water-proof). This was long before the fish brand slickers was invented. During severe rain storms and protracted wet spell, we surely were up against a tough proposition, as we had to sit up all night when it rained, never having as much as a tent to sleep under.

Still, with all the hardships we had to undergo I don't remember of ever any of us getting seriously ill. Our menu on these rounds was very simple. From one year's end to the other we had cornbread, beef and black coffee. While the cornbread was baking, with tallow for shortening, the beef would be broiling on a stick, and I can assure you it tasted mighty good, since we killed nothing but the choicest heifer yearlings, and in the summer season, on account of the blow-flies, we were obliged to kill one every evening and as we never had anything at noon we just made supper and breakfast out of it. The balance was thrown away for the javalins. Talk about a hungry bunch of men, when we hit camp at dusk and had not a bite to eat since breakfast, hustling cattle all day, we were some hungry then. We would have to kill our meat for supper. In order to ease our hunger a bit we would take the liver out of the yearling as soon as possible and throw it on the coals to roast, then take the leaf of fat and broil it over the liver and in about ten minutes we could be breaking our fast, while the full meal was being prepared, and you can bet your sweet life we enjoyed our meals.

In the fall of 1876 I decided to work for myself a while, so after having bought three cow ponies I set out to roping and branding mavericks on my own hook. It took me quite a while to decide on what brand and mark to put on them. Finally I selected 7T6 on the left side and crop the right and underhalf crop the left. I stayed at the ranch during this time doing chores mornings and evenings for my board and lodging. After about six weeks of this work I had branded something over 250 head of mavericks. One of my chums asked me one day whether I had ever recorded my brand and mark in the county records, to which I replied in the negative. So he told me I had better get busy and attend to it at once before someone else did it for me in his name. Well, that was all news to me, as I did not even know I had to do it. When I told the county clerk the brand and mark I wanted recorded, he said why that brand had already been recorded, several weeks ago by so-and-so. Well, I almost fell over with the shock it gave me. For being such a bonehead I lost all my hard work by not knowing so simple a thing as that.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—Next month we will publish some more of Mr. Huffmeyer's experiences, recounting troubles with Indians, which should have appeared with this article, but owing to a mistake in the make-up of our forms, that portion was inadvertently omitted.)

## Lives Eighty Years in Section Where Born.

A habitation of four-score years in the same communiy is a record rarely ever established, but such is that of Mrs. Martha J. Wheeler, 80 years old, who resides three miles west of Honey Grove.

Mrs. Wheeler was born Feb. 1, 1844, eight miles north of Honey Grove, and has resided within a few miles of that city since her birth. Her parents were the Rev. John N. and Mary A. (Farris) Hamil. They moved to Texas in 1842 from Tennessee and settled on Honey Grove Creek. The trip was made in a wagon drawn by oxen.

Mrs. Wheeler's maiden name was Martha J. Hamil, and on Feb. 7, 1861, she married Peyton Wheeler. To this union eleven children were born, ten still living, as follows: Mrs. W. J. Calbraith of Kirkland, Texas; E. E. Wheeler of Tallulah, La.; A. N. Wheeler of Windom, Mrs, S. E. Clark of Austin, R. A. Wheeler of Commerce, Mrs. S. E. Cleveland of Lamesa, Max Wheeler of Honey Grove, John I. Wheeler of Windom, Mrs. J. E. Little of Chandler and C. L. Wheeler of Windom.

Mrs. Wheeler's husband enlisted in Maxey's Brigade in 1862 and was assigned to duty east of the Mississippi. After the close of the war he returned to the farm, where he spent the remainder of his life. He accumulated a large amount of property and was vice president of the Planters' National Bank at the time of his death. He died June 17, 1921.

The first two years of Mrs. Wheeler's life were lived in the Republic of Texas, which incident she takes pride in relating. While a small child she recalls a visit to Tennessee with her parents, the trip being made in a wagon. Indians were to be found everywhere but the trip was made without trouble. Corn and provisions were purchased from the Indians along the route.

Mrs. Wheeler's father, the Rev. John N. Hamil, was an old-fashioned Methodist circuit rider and worked at the carpender's trade to support his family. He erected the first business house in Honey Grove, which was long since demolished and a more substantial building erected. Mrs. Wheeeler has at her home an old-fashioned spinning wheel that her father made. The hub and spokes are of bois d'arc and the rim of hickory.

While on a visit to Ellis County in 1852 with her parents, near where the little city of Milford now stands, Mrs. Wheeler said they had many scares from Indians, and at night they would flee to the creek and lie flat on the rocks so they would not be seen. It was while on this trip that her father died and was buried in what is now the Milford Cemetery.

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### Keep the Record Straight.

In March issue of Frontier Times we published a short article taken from the Williamson County Sun under caption of "Shot by Sam Bass," in which article it was stated that Dr. A. B. Reeves, who had recently moved from Llano to Andice, was engaged in the fight at Round Rock when Sam Bass, the notorious train robber, was killed. Dr. Reeves it was claimed in the article, was wounded by Bass. We are in receipt of letter from Captain J. B. Gillett, whose version of the killing of Bass appeared in Frontier Times a short time ago, and inasmuch as it is our desire to "keep the record straight," we take the liberty of publishing Captain Gillett's letter, the truthfulness of which cannot be questioned, as he was right there and certainly knows what he is talking about. Furthermore, if Dr. Reeves was wounded in this fight, this is the first printed account of it we have ever seen. Captain Gillett's letter follows:

"Dear Mr. Hunter:—I notice in Frontier Times for March an article on page 23 copied from the Williamson County Sun, in which is stated that Dr. A. B. Reeves was shot by Sam Bass. There is not one word of truth in that statement Dr. A. B. Reeves may have been a ranger at some time, but he was not one of Reynolds' rangers, and they are the only men that participated in the Bass fight at Round Rock in July, 1878, and not in 1879 as Dr. Reeves states. I am the only man now living who was at the capture of Sam Bass the next day after he was shot. Lieut. Reynolds has died since my book was published and now I am the only one left of that scout of rangers that captured Bass."

Captain Gillett, in his book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers," gives a thrilling account of the killing of Sam Bass.

# Inside Story of Life of John Wesley Hardin.

Written by John Warren Hunter in 1911

"Lieut. J. B. Armstrong wired General Steele at Austin from Whiting, Ala., on the 23rd inst, as follows: 'Arrested John Wesley Hardin at Pensacola, Fla., this afternoon. He had four men with him and we had some lively shooting. One of their number was killed and all the others captured. Hardin fought desperately but we closed in on him and took him by main force and hurried aboard the train which was just starting for this place. We are now waiting for a train to get away on. This is Hardin's home and his friends are trying to rally men to release him. I have some good citizens with me and will make it interesting.''

The above clipping, taken from old files of the San Antonio Express, recalls memories of other days, fast fading from public mind; days in which the name of John Wesley Hardin was on every lip, and his adventures were the topic of conversation around every fireside. His was indeed a brief, but highly spectacular career. He came of religious and respectable parentage and it is related that at birth an old mid-wife said on presenting him to his father: "Here is your son; a child destined to be one of the greatest men of his age, or one of the worst. He will reach one of two extremes. He will either be a staff for you in your declining years and an honor to your name, or he will bring your gray hairs in sorrow to the grave." A safe prophecy, easily made, concerning any new-born babe.

Old timers who knew John Wesley Hardin and those who were cognizant of the circumstances surrounding his arrest at Pensacola will not and never did agree with Lieut. J. B. Armstrong's report of the affair as published in the Express and other papers at the time. A full and true account of Mr. Hardin's betrayal and apprehension is too voluminous to be given here, but this much may be said with regard thereto: John Wesley Hardin was never so cool as when in battle. He was a quick and sure shot, and if there had been a desperate fight as Lieut. Armstrong reported, the arresting party would have been greatly reduced in numbers, and Lieut. Armstrong might not have survived to tell his bombastic story.

Friends of John Wesley Hardin persist in saying that the beginning of his evil career was caused by his persecution at the hands of Governor E. J. Davis' State Police. A flimsy excuse, wholly without foundation, in fact. Bad company and worse whiskey were the factors that changed the whole tenor of his life and finally encompassed his downfall.

That John Wes Hardin was a genius of no common type, that he was a resourceful man endowed with an optimism extraordinary and a courage seldom possessed by men of his class is evidenced by his course after the prison doors were closed against him and he found himself a life prisoner in the state penitentiary. He entered upon a new life. He obeyed all the prison rules. He became a model prisoner, trusted by his keepers and respected by his fellow prisoners. When off duty, and not engaged in works of mercy in the prison hospital his every moment was devoted to study. He read and digested every volume in the prison library, and called for more. He read Kent, Blackstone, Greenleaf—in a word he encompassed the entire field of American jurisprudence. Men asked: "Why should a life term prisoner want to study law?" Hardin replied by saying: "I feel the weight of the strong arm of the law. I am the victim and the victim should know something of the weapon that struck him down. There is a pleasure in knowing, and besides some day—"

John Wes Hardin never abandoned hope and hope never abandoned John Wes. At last the prison doors swung wide open, and John Wes Hardin went forth a free man—a full-fledged lawyer, and for the second time he entered upon a new life. He opened a law office in a South Texas town and met with fair success. Later he had occasion to visit Junction City, Kimble county, on legal business. At London, a village below Junction, he met a young girl and on brief acquaintance they were married. The next day following, the bride returned to her parents and John Wes drifted to El Paso, where he engaged in the practice of law.

Hardin had resolved to lead a civil, righteous life, but the old spirit of re-

sentment and combativeness only slumbered; it had not been eradicated from his nature. Unwarranted provocation led him to slap the face of a perverse individual and he was charged with a misdemeanor. A warrant for his arrest was issued, but no one cared to undertake the task of arresting John Wes Hardin. His past career was an open book to the officers of El Paso, and they knew his good right hand had lost none of its cunning. George Scarborough was United States deputy marshall. Under him was F. M. McMahon who had no sense of fear in his make-up. His nerve had been tested in numerous conflicts with outlaws and desperadoes in Texas, Arizona and New Mexico. Frank McMahan volunteered to arrest John Wes Hardin. He knew Hardin and he knew Hardin would offer no resistance if approached in the right way.

He took along with him a young man by the name of Sellman who, at the time, held a deputyship as constable. The twain entered Hardin's office and explained the object of their visit, McMahan acting as spokesman. Hardin acknowledged service and handed over his pistols to McMahan. Young Sellman used language that greatly irritated Hardin in whose behalf McMahon interceded and Sellman was made to cease his remarks.

John Sellman, young Sellman's father, was a noted character in and around El Paso in those days. He had served many years as a peace officer and the many notches on his ivory handle pistol showed that he was not unused to close quarters and deadly strife with bad men. A short time after Hardin's arrest, he met Sellman in a saloon and told him of young Sellman's offending. "I learn that your son is under age, Mr. Sellman, but he must not insult me again. I never fight with boys or women, and if your son offers me another insult, I shall hold you strictly to a personal accountability." Hasty words followed, bystanders interceded, and for the time being, a tragedy was averted. A truce was brought about and the crowd adjourned to the bar, a shot rang out and John Wes Hardin fell—the fatal shot enering the back of his head!

Who fired the shot that sent John Wes Hardin to an untimely grave? We do not know. John Sellman was charged with the cowardly deed and was held pending trial when he, too, shared the fate of those who spill the blood of others.

Deputy Marshall Scarborough and John Sellman were, apparently, on the best of terms. One night after the killing of Hardin, Scarborough and Sellman met in the same saloon in which Hardin had been slain. Sellman invited Scarborough to accompany him to an alley in the rear of the saloon. A few moments later a shot was heard and Scarborough came into the saloon through the rear way and told the men he had killed Sellman. Sellman, it seems, had been drinking immoderately and, according to Scarborough's statement, when they reached the dark alley, he told Scarborough that he was going to kill him and made an effort to draw his gun. But Scarborough was too quick for him, and got in the first shot which sent Sellman to a bloody grave.

Immediately after the shooting, Scarborough re-entered the saloon, as he had gone out, through the back way and told the crowd he had killed Sellman. The revelers made a rush for the alley and when they found the prostrate Sellman, no pistol, no weapon of any kind could be found, and the suppressed whisper went the rounds that George Scarborough had killed an unarmed man and had uttered a lie to cover his crime. Scarborough was a brave fearless officer, and no man dared to bring this accusation to his face, and hence the stimulated silence of his enemies. He was held under a heavy bond to answer to the charge of murder; district court convened and his case was continued. He contended that he could never consent to go to trial until one certain silent witness was produced. That witness was Sellman's pistol. "I saw the gleam of that noted pistol as he drew it that night it was either in his right hand or lying on the ground by his side when I turned to enter the saloon. No one interested in this case can tell, or hasn't told what became of that pistol," reasoned Deputy Marshall George Scarborough.

Shortly before the next setting of District Court a man was arrested on the Pecos river. He was charged with some minor offense and El Paso officers had been on his trail for several months. On his person was found the Sellman pistol. How came him in possession of that famous gun? He explained:

"I was standing within a few feet of

Sellman and Scarborough when the fatal shot was fired. It was intensely dark. I heard every word of their conversation and I saw the flash of a gun, heard a man hit the ground and heard footsteps of a man as he went away towards the saloon. I saw the gleam of his pistol as it lay by his side and I picked it up. I was aiming to leave El Paso that night. I reasoned that a dead man had no use for a pistol and I needed one in my business, so I took the pistol and got away before the crowd came out of the saloon. That's how I came in possession of Sellman's gun."

George Scarborough went to trial and with the evidence at hand was promptly acquitted, and a few years later was assassinated by outlaws whom he had pursued into the mountains of New Mexico. His brother-in-law and former deputy, Frank M. McMahan, is now in the Government service as Immigration Inspector at San Diego, California. As a pupil under George Scarborough, while running down criminals and outlaws in New Mexico and Arizona he became an adept in the line of trailing and apprending bad men, and this experience stands well in hand for the perilous duties of Inspector, and as such, his name has already become a terror to smugglers, thieves and imported Chinamen, who infest the borders of Southern California.

## George W. Saunders Rasps Critics of the Pioneers.

George W. Saunders, President Old Trail Drivers Association

The Texas pioneers, the Texas ranchmen, the Old Trail Drivers—their great achievements and traditions—have been besmeared and misrepresented by such critics as Teddy Blue, Stuart Henry and others claiming to be authorities on the subject. In "The Trail Drivers of Texas," Vol. I and II, which I published, are contained hundreds of sketches from the pens of these old empire-builders, which will silence the battery of all such self-styled authorities. Stuart Henry's recent attack in the Literary Digest International Book Review, on Emerson Hough's "North of 36," and "The Covered Wagon," teems with aspersions which look pale to real old timers and should not pass unanswered.

I was born within sixty miles of San Antonio, 1854, raised on a cattle ranch, and drove the Northern trails from 1871 to 1886, am still in the cattle business and have kept in touch with cattle movements from the Rio Grande to the Canadian line all this time. I have kept myself thoroughly informed upon conditions confronting the stockmen and the changes in the cattle business, and have been gathering data for my books since 1874. The critic and writer can get more authentic information from the thousands of Old Trail Drivers still living in Texas than they can from Wild West stories and imagination.

Hough's "North of 36" was partly built from Vol. I of the "Trail Drivers of Texas," which he acknowledged he used for its authenticity, and his description of moving herds, habits and customs of cowboys cannot be beat. Hough went among the pioneers and got his information. He once lived on a ranch in Bexar county, near San Antonio. Mr. Henry, I understand, got his information in New York, and Paris, France, Andy Adams, "Log of a Cowboy," and other books. Charles Siringo's books, Rollins' book of cowboys, all describe ranch and trail life correctly, but they also use considerable coloring and uncertain borrowed stuff. However, no old timer could condemn them. Stuart Henry says almost no one now lives who saw the Chisholm Trail or that early village of Abilene, Kansas. There are thousands of men living who drove the Chisholm Trail and saw Abilene, Kansas. during the famous trail driving days.

Starting in 1867 and closing in 1895, it is estimated that there were thirty-five thousand employed in this work. At least ten thousand are living yet, scattered over the world, but mostly in Texas. Young men that drove in the eighties and later, range in age now from 55 to 65 years. They are identified with all industries of our country—leaders in all useful enterprises. I never heard of one being a sneak thief or a burglar. Their sons and grandsons number many thousands, and will keep the light of their ancestors burning for many years to come.

Henry says the Trail Drivers did not recognize the Fourth of July; they claimed to be Texans, not Americans; had but little use for the Stars and Stripes. He says the trailers left

Abilene before the Fourth of July each year. It is well known that most of the early Trail Drivers held their cattle near Abilene until far in summer or fall and then sold or shipped to market and the boys that could leave the herds celebrated the Fourth of July each year at Abilene.

If Henry were to make that statement in any cow camp in Texas—Hot Dog! He says the cattle trails did not reach within six hundred miles of the Canadian line. North and South Dakota, Wyoming and all the Western States were stocked with Texas cattle bought in the Kansas markets. He says forty-five hundred cattle could not be driven in one herd. Such herds were few, but I have known five thousand to be driven in one herd. He says the Trail Drivers and frontiersmen and their women folk were wizened, weary, forlorn, gaunt, homely men and women, who lived sordid lives. This is proof that he never was in Texas, where were bred the most patriotic protectors of American traditions—men who have answered willingly to every call made by our government; men who forged to the front in every battle at and since the Alamo and San Jacinto; men who did not know what defeat meant.

Another statement by Mr. Henry which runs contrary to the facts, is that no women went up the trail. Again is ignorance bliss. A number of women did go up the rail, notable among them being Mrs. Amanda Burk, who accompanied her husband from Corpus Christi to Abilene, Kansas. Her presence on that trip is cherished in the memory of the old-time trailers to this day. Not only during the days of the trail but ever since, she has befriended the old boys who visited her ranch near Cotulla, where she has followed ranching since the death of her husband many years ago, and scored great success. Mrs. Burk not only followed the trail but she is a member of the Old-Time Trail Drivers' Association, and attends the reunions thereof at San Antonio. She has been crowned Queen of the Trail, and bears the title with becoming grace.

Henry does not belong to this society. We don't need his kind.

Many of the old pioneer Trail Drivers that drove to Abilene in 1867, 1868 and 1869 are living, scattered all over Texas. Here are a few of their names: George West, San Antonio, Texas; D. S. Combs, San Antonio, Texas; Charles Goodnight, Goodnight, Texas; A. D. McGhee, San Marcos, Texas; W. E. Cureton, Meridian, Texas; M. A. Withers and Sam Garner, Lockhart Texas; Jim Daughtery, Van Horn, Texas; Luther T. Clark, Quannah, Texas; L. D. Taylor, Bigfoot, Texas.

There are thousands living that drove the Chisholm Trail—men. who can verify my statements made above. From the numbers of these men and their decendants have been produced nationally recognized financiers and capitalists, as well as artists, musicians and writers.

This stupendous Parisian ass, who refers to the pioneer cattlemen and women as "wizened, weary, gaunt and homely, living sordid lives," is very evidently one of those modern sophists, born and reared in a hot-house environment, and wholly incapable of any of the deeper and finer emotions that are the birthright of the people of the open —God's own. He can see nothing colorful or beautiful in the life of the true-hearted little women who followed their husbands along paths that led into God's Great Unknown Lands—often the daughters of proud old Virginian ancestors; women who might have graced the ballroom of the White House of that day. Because these women did not drink bootleg whiskey, rouge their lips to invite the kisses of the libertine, indulge in cigarettes, semi-nudity and promiscuous cursing—because these women bore children and nursed them instead of poodle dogs and monkeys—they must necessarily appear hideous to this perverted critic.

There was the bloom of health in the pioneer's cheeks under a coat of tan; there was the light of determination and purpose in his eyes; there was the bouyancy of the trained athlete in his step—he may not have possessed the beauty of the fabled Apollo, nor the vocabulary of a quack critic—but, my God! He was a MAN!

As for this man's abuse of the work of Emerson Hough, it is ludicrous—maudlin. He may as well make a complete job of it—include the fiction of Cooper and Poe, the essays of Emerson, the eloquence of Lincoln and the poetry of Whitman—for Hough's work, tested by time, will take a place with "The Spy," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Essays," "The Gettysburg Speech" and "Leaves of Grass."

# A Running Fight on Big Saline.

J. B. Gillett, Ex-Ranger.

In December 1874, Capt. D. W. Roberts was camped with his company of rangers on Little Saline, which was in the eastern part of Menard County, Texas.

On the 23rd day of December 1874, a band of nine Indians raided the cattle ranch of Rance Moore on the Big Saline, which was about five miles from Capt. Roberts' ranger camp. These Indians stole several head of horses from Mr. Moore. At daylight on the day mentioned, the stock was missed and the Indian trail discovered.

One of the Moore boys jumped on a fast pony and reported to Capt. Roberts the presence of the Indians. The Captain having been indisposed for several days and not being able to make a hard ride, sent a non-commissioned officer with twenty-two men to follow the Indians. A slow drizzling rain had been falling for three days and nights and the ground being soaked full of water was muddy and soft. The rangers picked up the trail as it was fresh, plain and easily followed. It led up the Big Saline Creek, due west from Moore's ranch. Evidently the Indians had stolen Mr. Moore's horses about daylight, they traveled up the big Saline for about ten miles, to where the creek made a turn to the southwest. Here they quit the Saline and topped out on to high ground, killed a large beef, made camp on the south side of a shin-oak thicket, built up three or four fires and proceeded to cook breakfast. From this elevated position, the Indians could see back on their trail some two or three miles. The rangers, not knowing how far they would have to follow the Indians, were traveling at just a good steady gait. The Indians probably discovered the rangers when they were a mile or ewo away, and quickly mounted their ponies, rounded up their loose horses and left their camp on a dead run, and were probably three or four miles in the lead by the time the rangers came upon their camp, with fires burning and meat cooking. The rangers thought of course the Indians were nearby and scattered in every direction looking for them. Some of the boys soon found the trail leading west right out on a high divide and gave chase. Soon all the rangers were in the run and at each bound of a horse, he sank fetlock deep in the soft mud. Now no horse in the world could carry a man and his equipment very far in such going, if urged at top speed. Anxious to get in an Indian fight, most of the rangers ran their horses down by the time they had gone eight or ten miles.

Sergeant Jim Hawkins, and Privates Cupp and Ben Springer, believing they were going to have a long hard race, held their ponies, walked them up hills, then ran them fast on the down grade where it was not so much of an effort on their mounts. These men gradually passed all the other rangers, twenty in number, and finally drew up in sight of the Indians. As an Indian's horse gave out, he would lasso a loose pony out of the bunch they were driving, mount him bareback and continue their flight. Finally the Indians dropped all of their horses but those they were riding. Then those ponies begin to give out and the Indians would jump down,, catch hold of the ponies tails that were yet able to travel and this was a great support to those on foot.

Sergeant Hawkins has often told the writer that he saw as many as three Indians hanging on to one pony's tail. The three rangers drew nearer and nearer to the Indians. Finally when they had gone some twelve or fifteen miles they were all on foot except one lone Indian, whose horse was able to keep up with the eight Indians who were running on foot. The mounted Indian carried a big Sharp's rifle (a buffalo gun). As Hawkins, Cupps and Springer, drew up within four hundred yards of them they opened fire at this long range and killed an Indian. Cupps and Springer claimed their horses were run down. Sergt. Hawkins, with dauntless courage charged right up within fifty steps of those eight Indians, dismounted and opened fire on them, and finally killed another one. As the Indians would run out of range, Hawkins would mount his pony, run up near and fight them again single handed. The Indians, when Hawkins came too near would turn in a body and charge back at him, the one on horseback would hand his old long gun to a foot Indian who would kneel down and shoot at Sergt. Hawkins. One of the bullets

from this heavy buffalo gun tore the front part of Hawkins' hat away. The Sergeant kept up this fight with these seven Indians for several miles, single handed and alone, until he had finally exhausted his supply of ammunition and was compelled to stand there and watch those seven Indians trot away on foot.

Jim Hawkins was a Northern man, having been born at Brooklyn, N. Y. He came to Texas in the seventies and went to work on a cow ranch in Blanco county, learned the cow business rapidly, and after a trip or two up the cattle trail, became a first class cowboy. Although matched against some native Texans in that long, muddy race, he outrode and outgeneraled them all. While he was a man of undaunted courage, and ready at all times to take any kind of a chance in the discharge of his duty, he was not a first class shot.

Could Bill Clements, Tom Bird or Ed Seiker have been in his place that day, they would have killed every one of those Indians without a shadow of doubt. It will be interesting to all the old rangers to know that Jim Hawkins in that long race rode a small grey pony he called Button. This pony probably did not weigh more than 750 or 800 pounds. The writer traveling over the ground where this race was run two years afterwards could plainly see the trail made in the deep mud.

## Band of Indian Raiders Destroyed.

By A. J. Sowell, in San Antonio Light.

In 1855 the Indians made a raid in the vicinity of Selma, on the Cibolo creek, near the line of Guadalupe and Bexar counties, and carried off a drove of horses, belonging mostly to John B. Brown and Captain William Davenport. The latter was in command of a small company of minute men for frontier protection. Among the men who belonged to this company were William Hale, George Murchason, Hood Murchason, William Turner, J. W. Smith and others.

Captain Davenport soon got nine of his men together and set out on the trail of the Indians. The trail led northwest towards the mountains, and was followed as rapidly as possible, Captain Davenport himself being the trailer.

Soon after starting it commenced to rain and continued to do so for several days, greatly to the hindrance of the pursuers, who had but a poor chance to keep their guns and pistols dry, which was very essential in the days of muzzle-loaders. The tubes however, were protected to a great extent by keeping cloth or buckskin bound tightly around them. The hard showers of rain would almost put out the trail, which would cause slow progress until a point was reached where the Indians had traveled after the rain. They passed out near the new settlement of Boerne, and then took to the mountains over the roughest country they could find. So many of the horses were cut and lacerated by the sharp rocks in the mountains that a trail of blood was left behind them. They were driving one hundred head, and would force them down places where they could not keep their feet without bracing themselves and sliding down stifflegged. It was down these long-rugged mountain slants that the trails of blood were left.

The white men had a like difficulty their horses suffered very much, and one ridden by Hood Murchason gave out and he had to walk and lead him.

The trail finally came out into the Medina valley and passed north of where Bandera is now. There was a small Mormon settlement there then, and likely a few other settlers. The Indians went out on to the divide after leaving the valleys and went into camp on a creek somewhere near the head of Paint Creek, one of the tributaries of South Llano. The camp was in a thicket, but the white men located it by the smoke from an elevated position on a mountain, and also the large drove of horses, grazing near.

The pursuit had now lasted nine days and the Indians were resting in fancied security, thinking the white men were not coming on account of such long delay. They were making moccasins to put on the feet of the crippled horses that had been the worst hurt in their desperate drive across the mountains.

The settlers hid themselves from view as soon as possible and advanced upon

the Indians, but the latter did not discover them until a charge was made into camp and the rifles were cracking.

There were only six Indians in camp, two of whom fell at the first volley. The others ran, not having time to string their bows. The white men followed them. The Indians went over the bank into the creek and took shelter under a bluff, which was of solid rock and sloped under. Here they strung their bows and made ready to fight, while the white men dismounted, tied their horses and advanced to assault their position. It was a most admirable place to make a stand, as the assailants could not see them without advancing close and looking over. There was no chance to cross he creek and take them in the rear on account of the bluff banks on both sides.

After the first charge the white men saw it was going to be difficult and dangerous to dislodge them. The Indians were on the watch and as soon as thy appeared on the bank over them they shot arrows at them, and o ne of the men was wounded in the arm. The men would shoot quickly and the dodge back and reload. This was repeated until another man was wounded in the stomach, and still some of the Indians survived.

The white men now resorted to strategy. The men who were not hurt advanced, crawling, with loaded rifles and their hats on sticks above their heads. As soon as the Indians saw the the hats they let fly their arrows, and before they could adjust more the white men sprang to their feet over them and fired. This volley settled all of the Indians save one, and he left the position and crossed the creek and commenced the difficult ascent of the bluff on the other side. Guns were quickly loaded and fired at him, but he hung on and slowly pulled himself up, although several times hit, and succeeded in gaining the top of the bluff and disappearing in the brakes beyond.

On a return to camp it was found that one of the Indians who had fallen at the first fire was gone, but he was soon found about fifty yards away and still alive, having been shot only through the hips. Another shot finished him and he was found to be the chief. Hood Murchason cut his long hair off, which was profusely decorated with silver plates. There was a feathered ornament on his shield which, when loosened and given to the wind was eighteen feet in length. The other Indian was scalped, but the three dead ones in the water were not molested. The water where they stood and fought was as red as blood itself.

The horses were all collected and the wounded men being taken care of as best they could be under existing circumstances.

At the Mormon camp on the Medina all of the crippled horses were left to be brought in later. Two days were consumed in getting to this place, but the balance of the trip was easier. Both wounded men recovered. The scalp of the Indian warrior and the shield and ornaments of the chief were given to the Rev. John S. McGee, who had lost a son a short time before, killed by Indians on the Cibolo. Rev. McGee carried these trophies a short time afterwards to Kentucky.

We often hear and read about Indians being surprised and not having time to string their bows, and some might ask why they did not keep them strung at all times and be ready to fight in a moment. For the information of those who have had no experience in such things or taken no thought in regard to the matter, I will say that if a bow was to be kept strung at a high tension all the time the stick would become weakened and the arrow could not be sent with much force

EDITOR'S NOTE—Captain William Davenport was the father of Mrs. John A. Miller, who resides near Bandera.

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**No Back Numbers.**

We have frequent calls for back numbers of Frontier Times. We regret to say that we cannot comply with such requests, as the demand is greater than the supply. Each month we print an increased number of copies of the little magazine, but its circulation is growing so fast we can hardly estimate just what the demand will be.

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**Send in Your Sketch.**

We would like to receive reminiscent sketches from all of the Texas pioneers. Write your sketch in your own way, giving your experience on the frontier.

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NO MUSIC METHOD compares with my Ten Self-Explanatory Piano Lessons. Result of 25 years' teaching. Fifteen dollars for course. Send C. O. D. —Mrs. Fletcher Layton, Medina, Texas.

## Gored by a Wounded Buffalo.

W. N. Brazzil, Louise, Texas.

I was born in Texas, and raised principally in Bell county, but the close of the Civil War found me at Jefferson, Texas, and I was there during the reconstruction period, among the negroes, scalawags and carpetbaggers. The people there had a pretty hard time until the Ku Klux Klan came and we got rid of those scalawags and carpetbaggers. Then I went back to Bell county, and afterwards traveled over the plains and frontier a great deal. Fought in several Indian raids, also in raids against horse thieves and cattle rustlers.

We could go not more than thirty or forty miles from home and kill all of the buffalo we wanted. The last time I was on the buffalo range was in 1875. We went in November and came back the following March. We had to go to the Clear Fork of the Brazos River and camped in the Sand Ruff Cave, said to be twelve miles from the Big Springs. The Comanche Indians were camped at Big Springs at that time, but they did not bother us. They said if a white man had the grit to come out there, he had the grit to fight and the Red man loved his life. Those Indians had raised a white man, and he came to our camp about twice a week. He was always in camp before we knew it. He could speak very little English, and I have forgotten where he said the Indians had gotten him. While at Sand Ruff Cave, Ad. Holt, of St. Louis, Missouri, came down with a bunch of men to slaughter buffalo for their pelts.

Among them was a Frenchman, whose name I did not know, as he was always known to us as "Frenchy." Frenchy would follow the skinners and get the tongues to pickle. He did this pickling by taking a large buffalo hide, driving the four corners down with stakes, leaving enough slack in the center for it to bag, and make a container for the brine. Then he would fill the container with tongues, later shipping them to St. Louis. He was a great lover of buffalo liver, and one evening Frenchy borrowed my Winchester to kill a buffalo for its liver. About sundown, I heard him fire one shot west of the camp. At supper time Frenchy had not returned. Then it was too dark to look for him, but next morning we organized a search ing party, and went to where we thought the shot came from the evening before. We found Frenchy dead, also the buffalo, with my winchester lying near. He had shot the buffalo, without killing it instantly, and it had gored him to death. Evidently he had tried to climb a small tree, about the size of a man's wrist, as it was bent over and the bark peeled from it. We buried him there, and I suppose his remains are still where he was buried.

I am very feeble, but there is nothing appeals to me more than history of the old pioneer days.

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Uncle Dick Sullivan, of San Saba, is doing missionary work for Frontier Times by ordering a bundle of extra copies and sending them out to his friends with the suggestion that they become regular subscribers to this magazine. Now, we hope our old frontiers men will follow Uncle Dick's example for we want every old pioneer, veteran, ex-ranger and Indian fighter on our list.

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**Valuable Historical Pamphlet**

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# Texas Rangers on the Border.

San Antonio Light, August 9, 1914.

In 1875 a frontier batallion was organized to operate against the Indians. Captain Neal Coldwell was appointed captain of Company F, Pat Dolan was first lieutenant, F. C. Nelson second lieutenant and there were 75 enlisted men. There were six companies in all, the whole being under the command of Maj. John B. Jones.

Captain Coldwell's men were stationed at the head waters of the Guadalupe river. Their scouting territory embraced the territory from the mouth of the Pullum prong of the Nueces to the mouth of the north fork of the Llano. where Junction City now is. Much scouting was done and with such energy that the Indians were kept in check without many fights.

On one occasion George Danner, William Baker and Joe Moss were camped with a wagon four miles east of the Frio water hole hunting game and wild honey. They had found a bee cave in a gorge and were robbing it when they were attracted by the barking of a dog at their wagon on the hill. Climbing out to see what was the matter they discovered a band of nine Indians who had taken their wagon horses and were carrying them off, the dog following and barking at them.

The distance to the Indians was about 600 yards, but Joe Moss had a buffalo gun and taking a shot at them, killed one of their horses. The Indians killed the dog and then rode on. At this time Baker was out on a hunt and riding their only remaining horse. When he returned and learned the situation he at once rode to the camp of Captain Coldwell, nine miles distant, and informed him of the presence of the Indians. He set out at once for the scene with 20 men.

The trail of the Indians was taken at 5 o'clock and followed until night. It led south towards the head of the Sabinal river and the trailing was tedious and slow, being in a timbered country abounding in high grass. The rangers camped on the divide at the head of the river, having no water, and were moving again next morning as soon as the trail could be seen.

As they turned down into the head of the canyon a belled mare and colt were seen, and had they known the situation here they could have caught the Indians, for the latter had gone down into the valley to camp by water and came back to the divide next morning, but not on their own trail of the previous evening. They crossed over into another valley and came out near enough to see the mare, which they captured and killed the colt.

While they were doing this Captain Coldwell and his men were trailing them to where they had camped and back on the divide where the dead colt was found and the mare gone. Part of this time only a ridge intervened between the lowedIndians and the rangers. The trail now led down the divide between Cypress creek and the Frio, which came in above the town of Leakey.

Here on a high point the Indians stopped for noon, having a good view of the country for several miles and evidently saw the rangers on their trail and hastily decamped, which was indicated by cooked meat they left. They intended raiding Frio canyon that night, for as yet they had but one horse except those they were riding. This one they had stolen from Sam Larrymore on the head of the Pedernales and had been pushed out from there by citizens who were now on their trail behind the rangers, but went back when they learned that Captain Coldwell was after the Indians. At the noon camp of the Indians the captain left the pack mules with Sergt. W. G. Caston and five men to follow on and he and the others pushed on as rapidly as the rough nature of the country would permit.

To give an idea of the difficulties which had to be surmounted in crossing these rocky mountains the following incidents will be a fair sample: In many places the rangers had to lead their horses and in one of these Captain Coldwell was leading his by the rope with the bridle reins over the horn of the saddle. Coming to a four-foot ledge, the horses had to make a powerful spring to clear and all succeeded but the captain's horse. When he made his spring the bridle reins tightened and pulled him backwards and he fell in such a position with his feet uphill that he had to be turned over before he could get up. At a smiliar place a pack mule with Cas-

ton's party fell backwards and rolled to the foot of the hill with his pack.

The Indians were crowded so close that the water in the little branches was still muddy when the rangers would cross. If there had been any open country they would have been caught, but all was brakes, mountains and canyons. Much blood was on the trail, where the Indians had spurred their horses. On the west prong of the Frio two men were discovered some distance off in a valley and not knowing whether they were Indians or white men, and wating to be sure to get them if they were the latter, the men were deployed and completely surrounded them. When the cordon was drawn close and they were caught in a circle it was discovered they were white men. The latter were greatly surprised and somewhat frightened to see armed men riding toward them from every direction. They were busy cutting a bee tree and did not notice the approach of the rangers until they were close. They were on the trail of the Indians and had not noticed this fact.

It set into raining soon, which covered all signs of the Indians, and the pursuit was relunctantly abandoned.

In 1875 the Indians made a raid in the Guadalupe valley below Kerrville and carried off a mule and a horse belonging to Monroe Surber. The rangers had been disbanded, but the home of Captain Coldwell was near Center Point and he followed the Indians, but could not overtake them. At this time Lon Spencer and a companion whose name cannot be recalled were out on the head of the draws of South Llano hunting game or mustangs, and saw two Indians coming towards them. When they came within gunshot each man selected his Indian to shoot at and both fired. Spencer killed his Indian but the other man missed and that one got away. Now it happened that these two Indians had the mule and horse which were stolen near Center Point and they were recovered. Spencer brought back the recaptured property and also the scalp and rigging of the Indian.

In 1877 Captain Coldwell was again in command of a company of rangers and an order came to Major Jones to concentrate the companies of Captains Dolan and Moore. Captain Dolan was in the Nueces canyon and Captain Frank Moore was on the Llano, where Junction City now is. The purpose of assembling the rangers was to round up the whole country around the heads of the Nueces and Llano and arrest every man in it. This part of the country had become headquarters for all the desperadoes, outlaws, horse and cattle thieves in the whole Southwest and from the east, and the intention of apprehending every man was to be certain to get the right ones, as the rangers could not distinguish guilty parties. Each man was examined and he had to give a satisfactory account of himself before he was turned loose.

Of the forty or more men that were rounded up quite a lot of them proved to be the men wanted and they were carried to Junction City and there confined in shackles in a place called the "Bull Pen." Junction City was just being organized. There were only a few houses there—no jail or courthouse, although designated as the county seat of Kimble county. Judge Blackburn had arrived to hold court, and the rangers remained to give protection in case any outlawry kind gave trouble. But these at the time were all in durance vile in the "bull pen" and everything passed off smoothly during this first term of court in Kimble county.

Court was held under a large live oak tree and to give color to this primitive court of justice in the wilderness a swarm of wild bees were working in the tree under which were assembled jedge, jury, lawyers and witnesses. The arrested men were all turned over to the civil authorities.

In 1879 Governor Roberts was in the executive chair and Major Jones was made adjutant general and Captain Coldwell quartermaster of the frontier battalion. His business was to make tours of inspection, furnish rations and recommend changes of men or companies from one place to another.

During this service information was received that lawless characters were operating south of Fort Davis in the Chenati mountains, where there were no rangers. General Jones ordered Sergt. L. B. Caruthers to take four men and one Mexican and repair to the scene. As these men figure in a fight with the outlaws in which one of them lost his life, their names will be given as follows: Sam Henry, Tom Carson, Ed Seiker, "Red" Bingham, a Mexican, name unknown, and Sergeant Caruthers. Ed

Seiker was also a sergeant and some say that he was in command of these rangers but Sam Henry, who was in the fight and now lives at Rock Springs, says that Carruthers was in command. At Fort Davis the rangers learned that the most daring of the desperadoes were four in number and led by Jesse Evans from New Mexico. They would rob stores in daylight in Fort Davis and terrorize the citizens generally, and the latter had offered a reward of $500 for their capture.

The rangers learned through a negro named Louis, who occupied a neutral position between the two parties, that the outlaws' stronghold was in the Chenati mountains. He also told the latter that the rangers were after them. They believed the negro was wholly on their side and that their position was not known. They also told him that if only four rangers came to hunt for them he need not put himself to the trouble to inform them, but to keep them posted in regard to a larger force. From the fort the rangers went about eighty miles to near the Rio Grande, on a little creek in the Chenati range, and there while hunting for trails discovered four men on horseback above them. As this corresponded to the number of men they were hunting for and in their range they turned and started towards them. The outlaws, for such they were, turned and ran and soon commenced firing at the rangers who were in pursuit. This settled their identity and the rangers put their horses to the utmost speed to overtake them, firing as they went. The chase lasted two miles until the outlaws came to a mountain which was flat on top, but on the opposite side was a ledge of rock four feet in height which ran around the circle of the mountain. The fugitives went up the mountain across its flat crest, down the ledge to near the base and there dismounted, tied their horses and came back up to the ledge and took a position behind it to fight the rangers.

When the latter arrived at the foot of the mountain and found out the position of the outlaws they went up to near the crest, dismounted, tied their horses and advanced to assault their position on foot. The Mexican had stopped back with the pack mule. The rangers deployed as they went, but were soon fired on and a desperate charge was made across the open ground and here "Red" Bingham was killed, shot through the heart and falling dead in his tracks. The rangers were firing in front of them as they charged and the bullets flew so thick along the rim of the ledge that it was death to an outlaw to get his face above it.

The leader of the outlaws kept his head above the ledge and was fired at by Sergt. Ed Seiker, who was charging straight towards his position, but his first ball hit the rock in front of him, too low. For an instant the outlaw ducked his head and then raised it again, but only to receive a ball between the eyes from the Winchester of Seiker. The other three became frightened when their leader fell and ran around under the ledge, keeping their heads below, and almost ran against the muzzle of Tom Carson's gun. He had charged to the brink of the ledge and was looking over with his gun cocked and finger on the trigger.

Before he could fire they begged for life and began to throw down their arms The other rangers congregated at this point and Sergeant Carauthers ordered the outlaws to hand up their guns and pistols and come out from under that ledge. This all hoppened in a very short while. While looking at the bloody remains of their comrade, Bingham, some of the rangers wanted to shoot the captured outlaws but were prevented by the sergeants.

The sad duty of burying a dead comrade on the top of a lonely mountain consumed several hours, as they had nothing to dig with except "Bowie" knives. The horses of the outlaws were brought up, the outlaws were mounted, securely tied and the rangers took their departure, leaving the dead leader of the outlaws where he fell. No doubt it was he who killed Bingham. The trip back to Fort Davis was made without further incident and the captives put in jail there.

To take into consideration the disadvantage under which the rangers had to charge across open ground upon a sheltered position of desperate men armed with repeating guns and the number nearly equal and the rapidity with which they made themselves masters of the situation, this fight has but few equals in border warfare.

The jail at Fort Davis was of Mexican model and was like a dungeon. The main building was square and made of

dobies with rooms in the center, and doors opening on the outside into the courtyard. The jail was in the corner of the building and blasted out of solid rock to a proper depth and covered over the top by strong timbers, securely fastened. The egress was by a trapdoor. No light was in there. Into this place, in utter darkness, the outlaws were placed.

At this time Captain Caldwell had just arrived, having been sent down there by General Jones to ascertain if any more men were needed at that place. Finding the necessity General Jones was so informed and Capt. Charles L. Neville and his men were sent. The rangers were quartered at the court and jail enclosure and some of them stood guard all the time. The citizens of this place and Fort Stockton greatly rejoiced at the changes which had been wrought and had a great respect and admiration for the Texas rangers. Before this they were afraid to open their mouths in condemnation of the lawless acts which were constantly being committed in their midst. They were murdered by these desperadoes on the least provocation. The $500 reward which they had offered for the four leaders of this gang was cheerfully paid to the four survivors of the battle. Of course such service as this was expected of rangers without any compensation except their monthly pay and it was not for any reward that they ran down and killed and captured them and they did not expect anything. They accepted the gift in the spirit it was given. The donation was from wealthy men—merchants and stockmen.

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**Foul Murder in San Antonio.**

After the collapse of the empire in Mexico and the execution of Maximilian a number of wealthy Mexicans who had espoused the cause of the emperor were compelled to leave their own country. Several of these came to San Antonio, and among them one bore the name of Senor Narvarez. He was a middle-aged man, traveled by private conveyance with a retinue of servants and was said to have brought with him a large sum of money in gold and silver. This gentleman rented a residence in San Antonio, where, with his servants, he began housekeeping, for he had no family, at least he had none with him. As before stated there were no banks in San Antonio and whatever sum of money Senor Navarez may have had he kept it in his own house. He spent money freely, though he did not mix much in society. A month or two after his arrival in San Antonio Senor Nevarez was found one morning lying dead in his bed, which was covered with blood. His head had been crushed with some blunt instrument and his throat cut. Trunks and chests in the room were broken open. Two of his servants, a man and a woman, were found in an adjoining room bound and gagged. A young man servant was found dead at the threshold of the back door and a fourth servant, a man was found desperately wounded just outside of the back door. No clew was ever found to the perpetration of this terrible crime.

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**Original Castroville Colonist.**

John B. Wernette, one of the two male suvivors of the original Castroville Colony, died at San Antonio, February 28.

Mr. Wernette was born June 17, 1835, and came to this country at the age of nine, immigrating under Henry Castro in 1845. The ship in which he made the voyage to this country was the Robinson, then the largest boat afloat. The start was made from Antwerp and the landing was made at New Orleans, 51 days later with a passenger list of 300 immigrants. From New Orleans, Mr. Wernette took passage with other immigrants on a steamer to Galveston, where those who were planning to go to the West took a sailing boat to Port Lavaca. From that point the colonists were headed for Castroville made the trip overland in carts, wagons and on foot. As a young man he was one of the early pioneer freighters from Powder Horn at Port Lavaca to San Antonio. Later he freighted from San Antonio westward. He also saw service in the Civil War.

It was in 1855 that Captain Pope led an expedition to the Valley of the Pecos, where with the aid of 35 others, the first artisian well in the United States was drilled. Mr. Wernette was a member of this expedition.

The death of Mr. Warnette leaves one male survivor of the original group of of Castroville in 1845, this man being Francisco Monier.

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"The Trail Drivers of Texas," 2 volumes, Price $5.00. Order from Geo. W. Saunders, Union Stock Yards, San Antonio, Texas.

## Alonzo Steele Fought at San Jacinto.

The following account of the battle of San Jacinto, fought April 21, 1836, was given by Alonzo Steele, the last survivor of the battle which won Texas' independence. Mr. Steele was 94 years old at the time of his death which occurred about ten years ago.

In November, 1835, I joined Captain Dagget's company of volunteers and started for Texas from Louisiana. Crossed the Sabine and marched to Washington on the Brazos. When we disbanded because Texas had not yet declared her independence. Part of the company returned home, but I remained and hired to a man named Roberts, who kept a hotel. I ground corn on a steel mill to make bread for the men who signed the declaration of independence.

A small body of men came along under Joe Bennett and I joined them and started for San Antonio to join Travis, but when we reached the Colorado river we got hews that the Alamo had fallen. We then moved down the river and fell in with General Houston close to Beeson's Crossing, on the Colorado.

Capt Bennett was promoted to lieutenant-colonel. James Gillespie was my captain and Mat Finch my first lieutenant, with Sidney Sherman as our regimental commander.

Taking up our line of march we went into the Brazos bottom opposite Grossis and camped there several days.

Santa Anna was following us all the time and he camped at San Felipe, a few miles below us. Houston had spies out watching his movements and these spies reported that 1,000 of the Mexicans were going across the country to Harrisburg. We were ordered to march, and we crossed the Brazos at Grossis in a small boat called the Yellowstone and marched on to Harrisburg, going down Buffalo bayou on the north side, Santa Anna had gone on the south side. On reahing Harrisburg we found that Santa Anna had burned the town and gone on. We camped opposite Harrisburg and learned through Deaf Smith that Santa Anna was ahead of us.

At Harrisburg we left a guard to protect the women and children and property. We crossed the bayou in a little leaky boat, got on Santa Anna's trail and followed it till we crossed Vince bayou, marching all night. About sun-up we were halted to get something to eat and about the time we had our fires kindled and some beeves killed the scouts came dashing in saying the enemy was just over the ridge. We were immediately ordered to move on, which we did until we reached the junction of the San Jacinto river and the bayou, where some more beeves were killed and we went to cooking and eating.

There was a body of Mexicans in a grove about 300 yards north of us, who kept up a constant fire on us all the time we were eating but they did no damage. Two of our men slipped out through the high grass, when they discovered a little sail boat coming up the bayou and waiting until it got even with them, they saw it was manned by Mexicans. The Texans rose up and ordered them ashore. They jumped out on the opposite side and swam ashore, leaving the boat. One of our men gave his gun to his comrade, swam to the boat and steered it right up to our camp. It was loaded with provisions, flour, meal and salt, and General Houston sent the surgeons to see if it had been poisoned. They pronounced it all right and this was issued out to us—the first bread we had had in some time. We had nothing to cook it in but made it up in tin cups and roasted it on sticks or in the ashes, so we feasted that day, the 20th.

In the evening Sherman took what cavalry we had and gave the Mexican cavalry a little skirmish and had one man wounded. We crowded the Mexicans so close that they ordered out their infantry, but Sherman had orders not to bring on a general engagement, so he withdrew.

About sunrise on the 21st Santa Anna received about 200 additional troops under Cos, and after dinner on the same day, the 21st, we were ordered to prepare for trouble.

We advanced in the following order: General Houston with artillery, the "Twin Sisters" in the center, the cavalry on the right and General Sherman on the left The Mexicans had thrown up breastworks out of their baggage about 100 yards south of a point of timber, where they had stationed their artillery, and Santa Anna's right wing was in a thick grove of timber.

When we got pretty close Houston sent word to Sherman to attack this point and we were ordered to move for-

ward and hold our fire until word was given to shoot. When we came up within fifty or sixty yards we were ordered to fire and all discipline, as far as Sherman's regiment was concerned, was at an end. We were all firing as rapidly as possible and as soon as we fired every man went to reloading his gun, and he who first got his gun ready moved on, not waiting for orders. I got my gun loaded and rushed into the timber and fired again. When the second volley was poured into them they broke and ran, and I, having reloaded my rifle again, ran a little ahead of our men and threw up my gun to shoot, when I was shot down. Dave Rusk was standing near me when I was shot and told some of his men to stay by me, but I said, "No take them on." One of our men in passing, asked me if he could take my pistol, but I was bleeding so at the nose and mouth that I couldn't speak, so he just stooped down and took it and went on. After lying there awhile I managed to sit up and drank some water from a gourd I always carried with me and this somewhat checked the flow of blood.

One of our men got a horse and carried me out of the timber and put me down among a lot of dead Mexicans. I was so blind I could see nothing and I sat down on a dead Mexican. While I was sitting there one of our men who had stayed at the Mexican breastworks and were sticking their wounded with their bayonets came along and was about to stick me through when General Tom Green of our artillery corps stopped him. Then I was put on a horse and started to our camp. No one went with me, but the horse took me in all right.

## Wild Beasts and Wild Men.

Chas. T. Carlton, Utopia, Texas.

There is a beautiful little valley in Southwest Texas extending from Sabinal to the Divide, fifty miles north, gradually ascending until at the mountain there bursts forth sparkling springs of water which supply the Sabinal and Frio rivers. The road crosses the river eighteen times, sometimes over cement crrossings, and as your car speeds along and you see and hear the waterfalls below, you are impressed by the grandeur and beauty of this region, and you would just like to loiter there and fish for perch or troll for bass. Farms and ranches are now to be seen all the way, and sheep and goats and cattle are everywhere. Bare spots may be seen on the mountain sides, and you are told that these bare places were made by goats feeding and trampling down the vegetation. Over the divide to the east is the Seco, which runs into the Hondo, another little stream which winds down by Castroville. The ruggedness of this region is awe-inspiring and glorious. It will not be amiss here to give the definition of the names of some of the watercourses mentioned above, all of which are Spanish names. "Frio" means cold; "seco," is dry, and "hondo" is deep. Many years ago this was a wild region, inhabited by but few settlers, and great numbers of bears and other wild animals used to lurk and hide in the brakes of the Seco and make excursions into the neighboring valley in quest of hogs, colts and calves. The Indians also, found this a fine region in which to replenish their depleted horse herds when they came down from the north on their moonlight raids. For fifty years the people of this valley of which I write stood guard on the outposts of civilization, fighting against odds that would blanch the cheek of even well-trained soldiers of almost any age. By day and night the prowling Indian and the wild beasts of the mountain might be encountered at the very doors of the settlers when they least expected danger. Contrast your environment wtth theirs. Today our cities are full of attractions, good roads, good neighbors, schools, churches, noises of moving vehicles, rumbling of street cars, electric lights, music and the laughter of children, parks, hospitals, stores of all descriptions, libraries, etc. The ranch had none of these things, no sound breaks the stillness, and the view is long stretches of waving grass and clusters of trees on the mountainsides; no cabin in sight, no neighbor in calling distance, no telephones, no daily papers, no voice of pity in a night of loneliness. Truly, the pioneers, like Jacob, could say, "The

days of the years of my pilgrimage" are full of evil and dangers. The woman was the greater sufferer, for she was alone so often. If she needed water she had to go to the spring two hundred yards away, carrying her baby and the bucket. When it was reported a panther had been seen she would run all the way back to the cabin breathless from fear and running. Often this trip must be made many times to supply the needs of the house. She tells you she wrapped the baby in a blanket for fear the panther might snatch it from her arms, and this shows us her courage and daring in babies she carried both and the bucket. On returning she carried them a short spite of her fear. Where there were two distance and laid them down and returned for the water.

One of the pioneers of this Sabinal valley, Mr. Louis Haby, related to me some of his experiences during the early days, and gave me a description of life here at that time. He said: "One day we were at the table and I noticed a deer with the cattle, so I took my gun and went to the window and shot it at close range. That was no uncommon occurrence at that time, for deer and turkey, too, could be seen anywhere and at any time then. Another time I was riding along on my horse and saw a bear crossing an opening and making for a cedar brake on the other side. I put spurs to my horse and tried to head him off. When I was near him I shot and broke his leg, and he ran into some low thick brush and laid down Riding my horse close up I pushed aside the bushes with my pistol in order to see him, when suddenly he jumped up with a growl and grabbed the end of my pistol. As I shot him in the head he ran out into the open and I took my lariat and threw it to rope him several times, but he always pushed it off. Finally I caught him by the foot and dashing away dragged him along until I came to a tree, when I threw the rope over a limb and pulled him up and fastened the rope so he could not get loose. Then I rode home to get my dogs in order to see a big fight, but when I returned the bear was dead. On another occasion I went out huning for turkeys, and as I walked along the side of the mountain I noticed a freshly dragged piece of ground, as if a hide had been dragged over it. Following this I came to a large pile of leaves and when I kicked them I discovered a dead hog, which had been killed by a bear. Presently I saw behind a bush a bear slowly rising up and glaring at me. I fired, and he clawed the air and toppled over dead. When I examined him I found he was very poor, and had long white streaks on his head which were evidently scars of fights with other bears. A large open sore was on one leg, and he had no ears. This was the largest bear I ever saw, and probably the oldest.

"The only time I ever saw an Indian was when I was a small boy, and my father took me with him on a hunt for some stock. About five or six miles from home I told my father there were some funny looking men going along the summit of the mountain ridge, one right behind the other, bowing and bending over their horses. He looked up and saw them and said, 'Indians! Let us keep behind the brush.' When they had disappeared we made tracks for home and did not hunt stock any more that day. In those days the bears and Indians carried off our stock, and later rustlers drove our cattle away in bunches, but now the wolves kill our lambs and pigs, and we keep packs of hounds to chase them out of the country only yesterday a wildcat came to our ranch house and tried to catch a chicken and we drove it away. In a short time it came back and caught a rabbit near the house and marched away seemingly satisfied."

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### Was in Texas Ranger Service

I want to get proof of my husband's service with the Texas rangers. His name was John Guthrie. His Captain's name was Wheat with headquarters at Upton, Bastrop County. My husband enlisted in Williamson County, Texas. Anyone who knew him as a Texas ranger will confer a great kindness by writing me. —Mrs. John Gunthrie, Box 145, Willington, Collingsworth Co., Texas.

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The buffalo herds on the game preserves maintained by the United States Department of Agriculture have been increased this season by the birth of 118 calves. Of these, 92 are on the Montana bison range, 16 at the Wind Cave game preserve in South Dakota, 8 at the Niobrara reservation in Nebraska, and 2 at the Sully Hill game preserve in North Dakota.

## The Grasshoppers of Texas.

The following article appeared in the Texas Almanac in 1860, and was written by Mr. Samuel J. Wood, Assessor and Collector of Travis county at that time:

In the fall of 1848 the grasshoppers made their first appearance in Travis and other neighboring counties. They came with the early fall winds in October, in swarms from the north, lighting and depositing their eggs everywhere; always when it was convenient selecting sandy land to make their deposits in After remaining a short time, and eating the fall gardens, they suddenly disappeared, no one knows where. The warm sun of the following March again brought the little hoppers out, and after eating the crops up, in May they suddenly rose and took flight towards the north. The crops were again planted, and the season being favorable, there was an abundant harvest. We saw nothing more of them until in October, 1856, when they again came in swarms with the early north winds. After eating the blades off the wheat, and deposited their eggs, they disappeared. In the spring of 1857 myriads of little grasshoppers, about the size of fleas, hatched out and crawled out of the ground. Until they were about three weeks old they did not travel or eat much. At that time they were about half grown, and after shedding they started on foot towards the north, preserving as much regularity and order in their march as an army of well-drilled soldiers. Exercise seemed to have a wonderful effect on their appetites, for as soon as they commenced traveling they became perfectly ravenuous, devouring almost every kind of tender vegetation, being extremely fond of young corn, but preferring young cotton to anything else. They had no respect for place or persons, marching through the houses with impunity; and, what was worse than all, they were cannibals, for if you would cripple one and throw him down, his companions would eat him up instantly. When about six weeks old they again shed their outer garments, and came forth full grown grasshoppers, with wings well developed, but nicely folded up, only waiting a few days sunshine to dry and unfold and fit them for use. A few days afterwards they all rose at once as if by common consent, and took their flight towards the north. In the fall of 1857 they paid us a third visit, acting precisely as they had former done, with one exception. On former visits, when once they bid us farewell and started on their flight, we saw no more of them, but in the spring of 1858, after having our crops in a part of the country destroyed by our own native grasshoppers, raised on the soil, a swarm of foreigners, hatched and bred in the south, between the Colorado and Gulf of Mexico, were met in their journey north by adverse winds and driven down upon us, the poor, hungry, half starved things staying with us ten days—just long enough to eat the most of the remainder of our crops. In the fall of 1858 we saw them again, high up in the clouds, passing towards the South; none, however, stopped here, and we saw nothing of them returning in the spring. It is to be hoped that the last one of them found a grave in the Gulf of Mexico. In flyng, their wings glitter in the sun, and the whole sky has the appearance of being filled with moving flakes of snow. They come with the north wind in the fall, and return with the south wind in the spring.

### Arranges for Celebration.

The Panhandle Plains Historical Society met at the West Texas State Teachers' College at Canyon, Texas, February 16, for its annual business meeting and banquet. More than 100 members and guests were present, representing all parts of the North Plains region.

At the business meeting T. F. Turner, Amarillo; A. H. Nelson, Romero, Mrs. Olive K. Dickson, Miami; J. A. Hill, Canyon, were elected directors. The directors elected E. F. Turner, president, O. H. Nelson, first vice president; Mrs. Olive K. Dixon, second vice president; Mrs. T. V. Reeves, secretary, secretary; Miss Margaret Boulware, treasurer, and Miss Tennessee Malone custodian.

The committee in charge of arrangements for the Adobe Walls celebration to take place on June 27, reported that plans had been made for the erection of a monument at that time, and that a good sum of money already had been collected.

Ex-cowboys, scouts and Indians from Western Kansas and Oklahoma, several in number, will lend color to the Adobe Walls celebration.

# Mysterious Gold Mine of El Paso County.

Hunter's Frontier Magazine, 1916

Recent announcement of the discovery of gold in the turquoise mine of A. D. Hudson, in the eastern part of El Paso county, near Van Horn, and the statement of the United States military officer about the California prospectors finding gold in the Bass canyon, near the same place, have brought to mind stories and facts leading to conclusion that there is a rich gold region in the northeastern portion of El Paso county, of marvelous richness. The Guadalupe, the Diablos, Quitman, and the Black mountains are in the golden area.

Twenty years ago, an old Mexican, of Tularosa, who had been captured by the Mescalero Apaches when five years old, related that his captors took him along on a hunting trip to Guadalupe mountains and while there he saw them gathering nuggets of gold in a gulch.

A Mescalero Apache informed the late G. W. Wood, of El Paso, for whom he worked in the Jarila mines, that "if he sought gold, he should go to the mountain called 'smoky' over the line in Texas "where," said the Indian, "my people used to go and gather gold."

Another story is that of John Kilgore, an old Texan, and a man of undoubted veracity, who said that an old Mexican once told him that he was captured by Indians when he was about 14 years old. One day the Indian, who kept him in his wigwam in the Guadalupes, called him to his side, blindfolded him, and led him into the fastness of the mountains telling him to siit down on a flat rock and wait for his return, which he did. The Indian went away and in a short time returned with a buckshin sack filled with gold. This he handed to the Mexican boy, gave him a pony and told him to go back to his people. The Mexican said he afterward tried to locate the place shown him but could never do so.

Green Ussery, a rich cattle man of west Texas, was walking along a gulch near the Chico ranch in the Guadalupes when he saw Lee Church, a friend, who was with him, pick up a gold nugget from the ground, worth $20.

Several years ago, Cicero Stewart, under Sheriff of Eddy county, New Mexico, was up in the mountains hunting for the lost mine. He relates that "Grizzly Bill," a cowboy was in camp in the Russell hills of the Guadalupe mountains, and came across a gold deposit. He abandoned his cattle, and went to Pecos where he had a great spree, displaying his gold. While trying to ride a wild horse he was thrown off, breaking his neck.

F. H. Hardesty, residing in El Paso was induced to relate his own experience as follows:

"About a year and a half ago, Lucius Arthur stopped at my place to get water for himself and pack animal, and remained over night. Becoming confidential, he divulged to me the secret that he was making a trip to a mountain range, three days journey due east, for the purpose of trailing two Mexicans, who left Ysleta the night before.

"He said he had followed them at other times nearly to the mountain, but had been compelled to return before reaching there, for want of 'grub' and water. He was known as "Frenchy" in Ysleta, being a native of France. He had been professor of athletics in Austin, Texas, and while there heard a story about these two Mexicans, and had come to find the gold mine they visited.

"One Mexican," he said "would come from down in Mexico, and meet the other, (his brother-in-law) in Ysleta, and start out in the dead of night horseback. The one from Mexico belonged to a wealthy old family, who had known for generations about the mine, and had kept the location a secret. But some member of the family would go every year and bring back gold, and take it to Mexico.

"I told Arthur he ought to be better equipped for the journey, and I offered to stake him with all the funds needed. He accepted my offer and agreed to take me as a partner. He left with two months supplies, and good equipment. After an absence of a month and a half he returned, saying that he had at last found the hidden mine, and brought me as a proof plenty of rich gold quartz, broken off the ledge near the brink of a chasm, which he could not descend into, because its walls were perpendicular. He stayed with me a few days, and providing himself with a strong rope, set out for the mine. This chasm was 80

feet long east and west, by 40 feet wide, he said.

"From his place of concealment he said, he saw one of the Mexicans descend by a rope, and bring out several filled sacks. After their departure he slipped down to the place and saw a large opening like a cave in the vien, 60 feet down, which appeared to have widened to 100 feet at that point. Loose broken rock in front of the cave showed that work had been done lately. He was unquestionably at the place where the Mexicans had for generatiions got their yellow gold.

"Frenchy never returned to me," concluded Mr. Hardesty.

But the most realistic, and marvelous story of gold, in comparison with which the stories of the lost "Cabin Mine" and "Nigger Ben Mine" and similar legendary mines pale into insignificance, is one familiar to nearly every one in Roswell and Carlsbad, N. M., and told by cowboys and ranchmen in the winter nights around their camp fires, in the Guadalupe mountain country.

It is the story of a mystery—that of a lost gold mine in the highest and most precipitous, canyon rent and rugged mountains in the southwest, rising 5000 feet above the plains, two peaks of which reach 9000 feet above the sea level. The lost mine in the fastness of this range is a gold mine (as the story goes) that is fairly bristling with the precious metal, and its value is estimated at millions, and known in Texas and New Mexico history as the Lost Sublett Mine.

Two men now living, have actually seen this famous mine, but neither now remembers its exact location. One is Ross Sublett, son of the original discoverer who is a prominent business man of Roswell, N. M. He has made several unsuccessful efforts to find the mine. The other is Mike Wilson, a former crony of "old man Sublett," who is believed to be on his death bed in a little hut in the Guadalupe mountains, vainly trying to remember the location of probably one of the richest gold mines in the world. He once knew where it was, but his memory has failed him.

"Old Ben Sublett" was a native of Missouri, and belonged to an old family of that name in St. Louis. In early life the "call of the wilds" and lure of gold led him to go to the Rocky Mountains with his young wife and three babes whom he took on all trips while prospecting. For years luck never favored him while others found mines and grew rich, he continued poor. He was in rags and his wife and children hungry. They passed through the Guadalupes and finally located in Odessa, Texas. Here they made their home in a little hut Mrs. Sublett doing washing and sewing to help support the children, while Sublett worked on a ranch just long enough to get money to buy a rickety old buckboard, and a bony horse."

He spent most of his time in te Guadalupes. He had the 'hunch' that in its labyrinthine solitudes he would find gold. Occasionally he brought in a little nugget, hardly of value enough to buy grub for his return trip. His wife vainly begged him to quit the mountains, to settle down to some avocation in which was a sure living; he was stubborn, taking no advice from anyone.

Although the mountains were filled with the bloodthirsty Mescalero Apaches, ever ready o kill he lonely prospector, or trapper, Sublett never carried arms, and by some strange fate was never molested, although, almost daily there came reports of Indian raids and massacres. The old prospector laughed at those who warned him and advised him to be careful. These trips continued; and every time he returned, it was a surprise to the people of the town. They scoffed at his crazy mode of life.

One day the old man drove up to Abe Williams' saloon and strode boldly to the bar, inviting everybody present to "join" him. They thought it was a joke as he was supposed to be penniless, but when Old Ben threw down a buckskin sack filled with nuggets and told them he had found a rich gold mine and could buy out the whole town and have plenty left, the crowd was wild with excitement. He went out to his buckboard and dragged in a canvas sack filled with gold so pure, it is said, that a jeweler could hammer it out. "My friends, have all the drinks you want," he said, "for I have at last found the richest gold mine in the world. I can buy Texas and make a backyard out of it for my children to play in."

After that Sublett would frequently slip out to the mountains and return in less than ten days with about $1500 worth of gold. He built a fine home for his family, and of course made lots of "prosperty" friends. All tried to get

him to show them the location of his mine, but he would shake his head and say: "If any one wants my mine, let him go and hunt for it like I did. I hunted twenty-four years, and wasted the best part of my life at it. The valthe best part of my life at it. The valley of the Pecos and the peaks of the Guaed there when I rie, and I am going to carry this secret to the other world, so that for years and years people will remember me and talk about the rich gold mine 'that old man Sublett found.' I will give them something to talk about."

His son, Ross Sublett, who has made several attempts to find it, says: "I have a faint recollection of it. I was only a small boy when my father took me there. We drove in an old buckboard. I know the mine was about six miles from a spring. The spring is in what is known as the Russell hills of the Guadalupes. I paid no attention at the time as to where we went, and was always glad when my father was ready to return home. Father got the gold out of a hole or cave, but it seemed like that it was in plain sight on the ground outside of the cave. When my father was on his deathbed I tried to get him to tell me how to go back, but he said it would be useless, that I could never find it."

Sublett once described the mine to Mike Wilson, who afterwards went out to the Guadalupes and found the mine. He emptied his sack of provisions, and put in as much gold as he could carry and began the journey back home. Without recuperating from the effects of the hard trip, Mike went on a spree for three weeks, and when he tried to go to the mine he became bewildered and lost his bearings.

Old Ben Sublett just laughed at Wilson's bewilderment, and refused to direct him again. He refused to locate or tell any one else where it was, saying that if anyone wanted it, "let him go and look for it like I did." Later Sublett died and carried the secret with him. This was eighteen years ago.

## Early Day Homicides in San Antonio.

By Taylor Thompson.

The Scriptural commandment, "Thou shalt not kill" seems to have been little heeded by man since his creation. When Cain slew his brother Abel, which is the first homicide of which we have any record, there were but few men on the earth and yet the thirst for blood and the desire to take human life would seem to have been as strong then as it has been through all the centuries that have passed since creation's dawn. After mankind became civilized the combined wisdom of the wisest men has been largely devoted to the enactment of laws to prevent men from killisg each other, but through all the generations that have appeared man has paid as little heed to those laws as to the Scriptural injunction quoted above. I well remember the first man I ever saw killed. The killing occurred on the corner of Goliad Street and Main Plaza in San Antonio. One moonlight night in 1857 the boys of the old town were wont to congregates on the plaza, especially on moonlight nights, where they played ball and other games until bedtime.

In 1857 there lived in San Antonio a man named Jonathan Hackett, who conducted a small business on Commerce street. Hackett was a bachelor and lived alone in the rear of his place of business. He was a man who was well thought of by the citizens of the old town generally and was regarded as a quiet, peaceable man and good citizen. There was also living there at that time a man named Bob Wilcox, who was a handsome, dashing man. The population of San Antonio at that time numbered many sporting characters, for at that time the old town was a paradise for gamblers. Wilcox and Hackett met one day in the latter's place of business and had an altercation over some business matter, the nature of which I do not recall. On the evening of the killing a crowd of boys who had been playing on the plaza were sitting on the curbstone of the sidewalk when Hackett and Wilcox chanced to meet on the corner of the street above mentioned. Within a few feet of where the boys were sitting the quarrel between the two men was renewed and suddenly Bob Wilcox drew a Bowie knife and stabbed Hackett twice in the stomach and the latter sank to the sidewalk. I well remember seeing the flash of the knife in the moonlight and shall never forget the thrill of horror which

ran through me when I saw the victim fall and the blood from his wounds flowing over the sidewalk. Hackett was dead within a few minutes. Wilcox fled and was never apprehended, though I have always heard that when the Civil War came on he enlisted in the Confederate army and was killed in one of the battles in Virginia.

In later years I saw another man killed with a knife on the same corner, the victim falling on nearly the identical spot where Hackett fell. I also saw two men killed by pistol shots and I once shot at a man myself but missed him on the same corner.

In 1865, immediately after the close of the Civil War, I witnessed another homicide on the second story of what was known as the James bulding on the corner of Market street and Main plaza, just one block from the corner where I had witnessed four trgedies.

A few months after the homicide last recorded a mysterious murder took place in the old Lewis mill near the fort bridge on Market street. The mill was built by Nat Lewis, one of the early pioneers of San Antonio, but at the time of which I write was owned and conducted by a well known German citizen named Leffering. The mill was ran by water power, the water which turned the wheel running through a mill race which had been constructed for that purpose. There were no banks in San Antonio in those days and business men kept their money either at their business places or at their homes. There were not many iron safes in the city at that time and in many of the old Mexican buildings there were vaults built in the wall of the building for the keeping of money. The mill was a paying institution at that time and there was nearly always quite a sum of money kept in the mill. A German miller in the employ of Mr. Leffering slept in the mill and no one apprehended any danger of robbery in those days. Money and other valuables were handled carelessly. The doors of residences were very rarely locked because robberies were of so infrequent occurrence. One morning it was noticed the doors of the mill did not open as early as usual. Mr. Leffering came down about the usual time and after waiting for some time for the German who slept in the mill to open the door, an investigation was made and the German was found dead, lying in a pool of his own blood, his head having been crushed by blows from some blunt instrument. The box or chest in which the money was kept had been broken open, papers werescattered about and a sum of money which I heard variously stated from $15,000 to $25,00 was gone. Officers were hurriedly summoned who proceeded to investigate and traces or evidences were found which seemed to show that some one had entered the millrace referred to, swam down it until the water wheel was reached, knocked off some planks where the shaft of the wheel entered the mill and thus securing an entrance, had gone to the room where the miller slept and here committed the murder, but it was several days before any clew was found as to the perpetrator There was a man who had been in town several weeks, who had come there from Eagle Pass. He was a tall, handsome man, a gambler by profession, but who had for several weeks been "down on his luck," to use a slang expression, and was dead broke. Some serious suspicion pointed to this man. It was said that among the money stolen from the mill there were quite a number of Spanish doubloons and several days after the murder and robbery this man seemed to be flush with money which he bet freely at gambling table, and it was said he lost fifteen or or twenty doubloons one evening betting at Monte. At all events he was arrested and lodged in jail. He had an examining trial at which he was refused bail. While he was in jail awaitng the meeting of the grand jury cholera broke out in the city, raging furiously and numbering its victims by the hundreds. One could scarcely look out on the street day or night without seeing a funeral procession. A number of prisoners died and among them the gambler was reported dead. His body was placed in a coffin through the lid of which holes had been bored with a gimlet and about dusk one evening the coffin was conveyed to the Catholic cemetery west of the city, where it arrived after dark. The coffin lid was removed, he emerged therefrom, mounted a horse which had been provided for the ocasion and rode away in the chaparral. About three months later I was in Piedras Niegras, Mexico, and saw and talked to him in that village and I saw him again about two years later in Monterey, Mexico. It was never known for certain that he committed the robbery and murder.

## Texas Independence Won at San Jacinto.

On the 21st of April, 1836, just eighty-eight years ago, was fought the battle which won Texas' freedom from Mexico, and forever separated this fair land from Mexican rule and domination. From a little book entitled "Texas History Stories." author unknown, which was probably published for school children, we copy the following:

STORY OF SAN JACINTO.

General Santa Anna was very much puffed up over his victories at the Alamo and Goliad. He thought the Texans were conquered and that they would not dare oppose him again. But he was mistaken. He did not yet know of what stuff the Texans were made. He divided his army into three parts and ordered his generals to sweep over the country and drive all the people across the Sabine river. The Sabine was then the boundary line between Mexico and the United States. He further ordered that all prisoners found in arms against Mexico should be shot.

On the 11th of March, five days after the fall of the Alamo, General Houston arrived at Gonzales. He had been appointed general of the Texan army, and was on his way to the Alamo to aid Travis. That night he heard of the terrible fate of Travis and his men. He also learned of the advance of Santa Anna with one division of his army, numbering four thousand men The people were wild with excitement. Families left their homes and fled for their lives. On every road leading eastward in Texas were found men, women and children moving through the country, over swollen streams and muddy roads, strewing the way with their property, crying for aid, and exposed to the fierce northers and rains of spring.

Houston gathered about him at Gonzales a little army of less than four hundred men and determined to do all in his power to prevent the advance of the enemy. He was short of provisions. Many of his men were without arms, and others had no ammunition. But one and all were anxious to fight. They longed for the day to come when they could aveng the death of the brave men in the Alamo. Houston knew it would be madness for a handful of half-armed men, such as his were to fight the well-armed thousands of Santa Anna. He thought it best to retreat, and on the 13th of March he began to fall back. Four days later he reached the Colorado river. By this time his force had increased to over six hundred men. He remained here until the 29th of March waiting for more men and artillery. He then fell back upon the Brazos, where he camped until the first day of April. The spring rains set in and the river was out of its banks. The camps were pitched in the midst of trees, mud and water. The soldiers had few tents or coverings and they suffered much. General Houston spent the night sitting on his saddle wih a blanket around him, and his feet on a piece of wood. Here Houston heard the news of the sad fate of Fannin and his men. The hope of Texas now rested in his army. Should he make a false step all would be lost. This thought caused him much anxiety, and to a friend he wrote: "Since we parted I have found the darkest hours of my life. For forty-eight hours I have neither eaten an ounce of anything, nor have I slept." He sent out letters begging the people to come to his assistance. He wrote: "Let the Mexican force be what it may, if the country will turn out we can beat them. Send agents to the United States. Appeal to them in the holy names of Liberty and Humanity. Let the men from the east of the Trinity rush to us. If only three hundred men remain with me, I will die with them or conquer our enemy."

Houston kept his army in the river bottom until April 12. On that day Santa Anna reached the Brazos lower down and crossed over. Step by step he followed the retreating Texans and he now thought they were saftely trapped. With this thought in mind Santa Anna left the main body of his army and with seven hundred men and one cannon marched to Harrisburg to capture the Texas president. He sent word to Houston that when he captured the president (David G. Burnet) he would come back and smoke him out. Santa Anna reached Harrisburg on the 15th of April, but found the town deserted. The people had left their homes and fled for their lives. They had no desire to make the acquaintance of the "Prince of Butchers," as Santa Anna was called Burning the town, he followed on after President Burnet, who had brought his family to New Washington, at the head

of Galveston Bay, intending to send them to Galveston for safety. On the morning of the 17th, while making ready to go on board the boat that was to take them to Galveston, the Mexican cavalry suddenly came upon them. They hastily got into a small boat and rowed out some distance from shore, thus making their escape.

When Houston received the news that Santa Anna had crosssed the Brazos he made up his mind to follow him ond not wait to be "smoked out." From being hunted, Houston now turned hunter. Santa Anna's army was scattered. It was in the enemy's country and far from supplies. Defeat here meant ruin. This was just as Houston would have it, so he crossed the river without delay and headed his army for Harrisburg. On the farther shore he found two small cannon, a gift to the Texans from the people of Cincinatti. These two little guns were called the "Twin Sisters," and Houston was very proud of them. The march was a very difficult one. Heavy rains had fallen and the prairies were so boggy in places the wagons had to be unloaded and the cannon carried or rolled through the mire.

On the 18th of April the Texas army reached Buffalo Bayou near Harrisburg. The soldiers were almost worn out from their long, wearisome march, and General Houston ordered a halt for a day to rest. Scouts were sent out into he country to get news of the enemy. About dark they came in bringing two prisoners with them, and from these prisoners it was learned that Harrisburg had been burned, and that Santa Anna was not far away down the bayou. The hearts of the men "beat high in their breasts." They forgot that they were tired. They forgot the trials of he march. Their one thought and wish was to be led against the butcher. General Houston felt just as the men did. He thought that now or never the blow must be struck that would make Texas free.

Early next morning (April 19) the men were drawn up into line and told to prepare for marching. General Houston then made them a short talk, and told them he had made up his mind to cross the bayou and hunt for Santa Anna; that a great battle would perhaps be fought in which many of them would lose their lives; that any who did not wish to cross the bayou need not go. He told them their battle cry should be "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goiad!" Not a man able to walk but begged to cross the bayou. Every sick man wept at being left behind. Men had to be drafted to guard the camp and the sick. The same morning General Houston wrote a friend: "This morning we are in preparation to meet Santa Anna. It is the only chance of saving Texas. The troops are in fine spirits, and we go to conquer. The odds are greatly against us, but I leave the result in the hands of a wise God, and rely upon His providence."

When the army arrived at the bayou they found the boat that was to take them over nearly filled with water. It was bailed out and the passage begun. When about half the army was over, an accident happened to the boat which came near sending it to the bottom. It was quickly mended and by nightfall all of the troops were safely over. The boat was not strong enough to carry the horses so they were made to swim over, just below the ferry. Soon after dark the line of march was again taken up, and all through the night the prairies echoed the tramp, tramp, tramp, of these soldiers of freedom. At the head of the column rode their great chief, General Houston, his eyes bent upon the ground and his thoughts busy planning for the battle which he knew must soon take place. About one o'clock on the morning of April 20th a short halt was made to rest the men. Tired and hungry they threw themselves on the bare ground and slept. For a pillow General Houston had a coil of rope which had been used in drawing the cannon. At daylight Houston was awake and with three taps of a drum aroused his sleeping soldiers. With one accord the men sprang to their feet and stood ready for duty. Orders were given to continue the march down the bayou, while scouts were sent out in every direction to get news of the enemy. After marching a short distance a halt was made for breakfast. Some beeves had been killed and roasting fires kindled, when a scout came flying into camp with the news that Santa Anna was advancing up the bayou, and was not far away. General Houston immediately ordered the men into line. Hungry as they were, not a man held back. The meat was left, half cooked, the horses were quickly harnessed to the cannon and the march began. Not many miles away the San

Jacinto river joins the Buffalo Bayou, and together their waters fall into Galveston Bay. It was a ferry here over which Santa Anna expected to cross into East Texas, and thither his army was hastening. Once across there would be nothing to oppose him, and the whole of East Texas would be at his bercy. Knowing this, Houston urged his men forward at their utmost speed. On, on, sped the Texans, never halting once until the ferry came in sight. Great was their joy when they learned that the Mexicans had not yet come in. Houston pitched his camp near the bank of the river in a beautiful grove, and waited the approach of the enemy. The troops were formed for battle and the "Twin Sisters" placed in position. In a short while scouts came in with the news that the Mexicans were in sight, and the bugles of Santa Anna were heard over the prairie sounding the charge of the Mexican army.

The long-wished-for moment had come! There is the army of Santa Anna, the Butcher There stand those Mexicans who stormed the Alamo and put to death Travis, Bowie, Crockett, Bonham, and their immortal comrades! The hour of vengeance is at hand.

Santa Anna, thinking to surprise Houston, quickly got his cannon in position and began firing upon the Texan's camp. The firing was kept up for an hour, but it did little damage. One shot struck the bridle bit of Houston's horse, and another wounded Colonel Neill, the commander of the "Twin Sisters.". A column of infantry was sent forward, and when within one hundred and fifty yards of the Texan line the "Twin Sisters" opened up on them and sent them flying back. The Texans gave a great shout at this, but did not follow the retreating enemy. Houston did not mean to fight until he was sure of victory. This was about ten o'clock in the morning. In the afternoon, about an hour before sunset, another small fight occurred in which the Texans lost two men and several of their horses. Both armies now retired to their quarters for the night. The camps were about three-quarters of a mile apart, and each army could see the other's camp fires glimmering over the prairie and hear their sentinels tread as they paced to and fro on their beats. The Mexicans spent most of the night in throwing up breastworks of trunks and baggage. The Texans, after eating a hearty meal, laid down to rest. As the first gray lines of dawn shot up in the east, three strange taps of a drum were heard, and seven hundred soldiers sprang to their feet as one man. A hasty breakfast was prepared and eaten, guns and ammunition were ready and the men lined up, awaiting the orders of their commander. By the time the sun had risen bright and clear over the prairie, all eyes were turned toward the enemy's camp. All wondered what the next move would be. About nine o'clock a large body of men was seen advancing over the prairie. Was help coming at last? Yes; but for the enemy. The scouts brought word that it was Cos, the oath-breaker, with several hundred fresh Mexican troops. Houston was greatly disturbed by this news. Should it reach the ears of his men it might discourage them, and the battle on which he had staked his hopes and the hopes of Texas would not be fought. At noon he called his officers together to consult with them as to what was best to be done. Some were for attacking the enemy at once; others were in favor of awaiting an attack from him. The soldiers were then asked their opinion. To a man they answered "Fight!"

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Houston ordered the troops to parade. The men were in high spirits, and their officers could hardly restrain them from rushing headlong into the enemy's camp. The moment had at last come. Houston ordered the charge and sounded the war-cry, "Remember the Alamo!" From rank to rank the magic words flew, and then, as if from one mighty throat, a cry went up that froze the blood of the Mexicans and chilled their hearts with terror. At that moment a rider came up on a horse covered with mire and foam, swinging an axe over his head, and dashed along the Texas lines, crying, as he had been told to do, "I have cut down Vince's bridge —now fight for your lives and remember the Alamo." This rider was Deaf Smith, the famous scout.

Vince's Bridge was over Vince's Bayou, five miles from Harrisburg. Both armies had crossed this bridge on their downward march, and it was the only passway by land at this season of the year. Houston ordered it cut down so that the enemy would have no way of escape. His own men, too, would fight

harder, knowing that there would be no way of escape for them should they be defeated. They must conquer or die.

The Mexicans were taking their siesta, or afternoon nap, when the war-cry of the Texans broke on their ears. They were quickly formed into line by their officers, but they were dull and heavy from sleep. Down came the Texans upon them like an avalanche of fire, each man shouting like mad. The Texans advanced without a halt until they were in possession of the breastworks and the enemy was utterly routed. The conflict lasted about eigheen minutes, during which time the enemy's cannon was captured, and all of their camp equipage and baggage. Not having the advantage of bayonets on their side the Texas riflemen used their guns as war clubs, breaking many of them off at the breech. The rout commenced at half-past four and continued until twilight. In the battle the Texans loss was two killed and twenty-three wounded, six of them mortally. The enemy's loss was 630 killed and 208 wounded. About 600 muskets, 300 sabres and 200 pistols were taken from the enemy, as was also several hundred mules and horses and about $12,000 in specie. In this engagement Santa Anna had upwards of 1500 men, while Houston's force numbered 783.

During the battle Santa Anna made his escape and sought refuge in the high grass of the prairie, where he remained all night. When morning came he was found by three Texans, and as they approached he threw a blanket over his head and lay very still. He was dressed as a private soldier. His trousers were of coarse blue cotton cloth and much soiled, while on his head he wore a soldier's skin cap and on his feet a pair of red worsted slippers. A coarse blue jacket covered his shoulders. The Texans called him to get up, but he only uncovered his head and looked at them. Not until he was told two or three times did he arise. His fine manners made the Texans think he was more than a common soldier, and it was noticed also that under his old clothes he wore a shirt of the finest linen, in the bosom of which were beautiful jeweled studs. He claimed that he could not walk, so he was mounted on a horse behind a Texan and taken at once to Houston's camp. Houston was lying on a mattress under a great oak tree when the party with the prisoner rode up. During the engagement the day before he had received a severe wound in the leg, which kept him awake all night, and now he had fallen into a slight doze. When the other Mexican prisoners saw the newcomer a cry of surprise, "el presidente," broke from their lips. Houston was awakened by the noise and looked up. As he did so the prisoner, holding out his left arm and laying his right hand over his heart, said: "I am General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, president of the Mexican republic, and I claim to be your prisoner of war." Thus did the proud "Napoleon of the West" humble himself before plain Mister Houston.

With the capture of Santa Anna the Texans won their freedom, and in due time a treaty of peace was arranged which forever lost Texas to that republic. By this treaty the Mexican troops were withdrawn from Texas, and eventually Santa Anna was permitted to return to his country. Swift riders carried the good news to all parts of the country, and everywhere there was great rejoicing.

"On this day we plant acacia—
Pile bright flowers on grassy mound,
Dropping tears of kind remembrance,
Where a soldier's grave is found.
And with reverential spirit,
To the God of battles pray
That our sons may proudly cherish
This our San Jacinto Day."

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Old Settlers of Bandera county will stage a great reunion and home-coming event on July 4th and 5th. A peageant, depicting early life in Bandera, Indian fights and massacres, will be arranged. Bandera was first settled by Elder Lyman Wight's colony of Mormons in 1854; then came the Polish colonists, sixteen families, in 1855. Amasa Clark, who located at the present site of Bandera, came in 1852, and is still living. At the age of 96 years he is quite active and in excellent health.

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We have frequent calls for back numbers of Frontier Times. We regret to say that we cannot comply with such requests, as the demand is greater than the supply. Each month we print an increased number of copies of the little magazine, but its circulation is growing so fast we can hardly estimate just what the demand will be.

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BY J. MARVIN HUNTER
SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 PER YEAR

J. D. Jackson of Alpine, Texas, writes: "I have been reading of the pioneers in your Frontier Times, and I am very much interested. You are filling a long felt want. I am not so old as some of your readers, but I was bossing a herd on the trail when I was 18 years of age. That was in 1879. I was also a member of Company B in Ranger service which crossed the Plains country ahead of the T. & P. Railroad. I will write you a letter for publication some time."

We are in receipt of a most interesting and thrilling sketch written by Major W. M. Green of Meridian, Texas recounting some of his experiences with John Wesley Hardin's gang of outlaws around Comanche in the early days, while Major Green was a member of the Texas Rangers. This sketch will appear in our next number, having been received too late for this issue.

We want every reader of Frontier Times to read Capt. J. B. Gillett's book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers." It is well worth the price, $2.50, which the author asks for it. Now, we are in position for a short time only to offer this book and Frontier Times together for only $3.00 Think about it and if you want to take advantage of this offer act promptly for it will soon be withdrawn. See last cover page.

**An Appreciated Compliment.**

Dr. J. A. Munk, of Los Angeles, California, writes the editor of Frontier Times a most encouraging letter, as follows:

"Dear Sir:—I have read your magazine from its first issue, and am frank to say that I like it very much. It was a happy thought that gave you the suggestion to publish in the Frontier Times the early history of the great state of Texas. It has both a big and an interesting history that is well worth preserving for the present and future generations. I congratulate you on the ready response of your correspondents to furnish you this valuable material. I am sending you an autograph copy of my autobiography, "Activities of a Lifetime," in appreciation of the good work you are dong."

We are indeed grateful to Dr. Munk for the kind words given in his letter, and for the book which he has sent us. It is a very human and entertaining book, filled with incident and experience and covering not only a varied life but a great deal of interesting geographical territory. As a soldier in the Civil War, as a physician, musician, thinker, writer and Christian gentleman, Dr. Munk has lived a life very much worth recording. At the same time he has acquired that clearness of conception and ease of expression which make an autobiography the best of reading. Here is real life, from beginning to end; a true story important enough to be recorded and read; and a recorder admirably fitted for his task The following chapter headings give an idea of the variety of human interest to be found in this volume: Early Recollections, Army Days, Vocation and Avocation, Vital Force and the Life-line, President's Address, Adaptation of Life to Environment, The Fresh Air Fiend, The Pace That Kills, The Munk Cattle Ranch, The Munk Library of Arizona, The Munk Botanical Garden and Arboretum. Intimate stories of the Civil War, Stunted Life in Earlier Days, The Practice of Medicine in the Service of Humanity, Ranch Problems in the Great Southwest—surely there are topics enough for a vivid and worthwhile book! Yet added to these are the philosophy of a life-student of human affairs, the knowledge of a scientist, and the unsual view-point of a man interested in everything that lives.

This book should be in every library. It sells for only $2.00 per volume, and may be obtained from the author, Dr. J. A. Munk, 747 So. Alvarado Street, Los Angeles, California.

Prof. W. P. Webb, Department of History, University of Texas, writes Frontier Times as follows: "I look forward each month to the coming of Frontier Times with more interest than I have for any other magazine, including the highbrow ones. You are rendering a genuine service to historical students and to all who love Texas. I wish your magazine could go to every public school in the state. I know the boys would read it, and in doing so would develop an interest in Texas history which they might not otherwise do."

# HEEL-FLY TIME IN TEXAS

## A STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR PERIOD

As a prelude to this most interesting story, it is but proper that a brief history be given of the life of its author, John Warren Hunter. He was born in Rogersville, Alabama, August 10, 1846, and died at San Angelo, Texas, January 12, 1915. His mother died when he was an infant, and his father married the second time, and came to Texas when the subject of this sketch was barely ten years old, settling in Hopkins county, near Sulphur Bluff. He had one own brother, Rev. J. N. Hunter, for many years a minister in the Methodist church, and now living at Dallas; and one half brother, Rev. W. E. Hunter, a Baptist minister, who lives at Jourdanton, Texas, at this writing; two half sisters, Mrs. Newt Lyle of Roaring Springs, Texas, and Mrs. John Castleberry of Booneville, Arkansas.

When John Warren Hunter was fifteen years old the country was plunged into the Civil War, the North against the South. His older brother, James Hunter, enlisted in the Confederate service and rode with Forest through the entire war. But John Hunter was not old enough to enlist; his father was true Southern to the core, and often boasted that he had one son in the ranks and in another year he would have another fighting for the Confederate cause. But ere the year passed things happened that dampened the ardor of the young man and caused him to resolve to never lift a musket against the old flag. Living in the neighborhood of his father's home was a man named Howard who was greatly admired by the b y, John Hunter. Howard was a perfect gentleman, and often gave boys of the community good advice, and was loved by every boy for miles around; in fact he was a real friend to boys. This man Howard was at heart a Union man, although he kept his own counsel and did not talk freely of his sentiments. But be that as it may, he was waited upon by a committee of Southern sympathizers and hung because he did not espouse the Southern cause. The hanging of this friend caused John Hunter to determine to avoid enlistment or conscription, so he accordingly secured employment with a cotton train hauling cotton to Brownsville, and, as a teamster, he set out for the Mexican border, where he spent the remaining years of the war, and it was here that he passed through the thrilling events depicted in the story given herewith.

After the war he returned to Hopkins county and found his father and stepmother both dead, and his brothers and sisters scattered. He went to Tennessee and there married his cousin, Miss Mary Ann Calhoun, a school teacher, and they moved to Arkansas, where he engaged in farming, while his wife taught school. Now it must be remembered that John Hunter had been deprived of schooling during his early years. He had learned to read, but had never gone to school. After the war he decided he ought to have an education and accordingly entered McKenzie College atClarksville, but his restlessness soon got the upper hand and he left the college after two or three months' attendance. When he farmed one year in Arkansas and made a crop failure he was greatly discouraged, and was ready to come back to Texas, where he knew he could get a job on a ranch, for he was an expert rider and could throw the lariat as well as any good hand. But his wife's school was not out and he had to bide his time about returning to the Lone Star State. Finally his wife suggested that he ought to teach a writing school to help raise the necessary funds to move to Texas, but as he was no penman, could hardly write his own name, in fact, he was not inclined to the suggestion, but she was insistent and eventually persuaded him to "practice" writing from some old lesson charts she had used when she went to school in Tennessee. After several weeks strenuous "practice" he became quite an adept in making "flourishes" and with growing confidence in his ability to wield the pen, he went over into an adjoining neighborhood and opened a ten day's writing school, which was so successful that he

was induced to teach another ten days when the first term closed. He taught this writing school at night in that community and began another ten days' school to be taught in daytime in his home community. Realizing that he could accomplish something along literary and progressive educational lines by persistent effort, he determined to become a school teacher, and with the aid of his wife and by hard study he stood examination and was granted a third grade teacher's certificate in the state of Arkansas. Then when he and his wife and children came to Texas he came as a full-fledged school teacher, instead of a cow-puncher and general ranch hand. He located in Hunt county where he taught one term of school, but hearing of the wonderful possibilities of West Texas, he heeded the call and in 1878 found himself at Fredericksburg, Gillespie county, where he immediately secured a school. One of the first terms he taught in that county was on Spring Creek, or Squaw Creek, the writer does not remember which, and it was here he had his first trouble in school work. The school house was built of pickets, and was about 12x14 feet in size. He occupied a little picket house adjacent to the school house. On Washington's birthday in order to inspire a spirit of patriotism in his pupils, (they were called scholars in those days) he hoisted the American flag over the little picket school house. Now it happened that both of the trustees of the little country school were ex-Confederate soldiers, and when they beheld Old Glory majestically flaunting in the mountain breeze their wrath knew no bounds, and they hastened to the school house to inform the teacher that "that old rag" would have to come down, that they were there to "tear it down" if it was not instantly removed. Professor Hunter tried to reason with them by saying that the war was over, and it was once more a united country, and that the Stars and Stripes was the Nation's flag; that he had hoisted it to its place in observance of the birthday anniversary of the world's greatest patriot, and he wanted his pupils to reverence all that the old flag stood for. But the trustees were obdurate and said it must come down. Losing all patience with the "board" he informed them that Old Glory would stay right there until he saw fit to remove her, and if they made any attempt to tear the flag down they would suffer the consequences. Then the "board" informed him that he was discharged, "fired from his job," and they would put him out. He promptly invited them to "sail in" if they thought they could put him out, and the scrap started. Both trustees made a rush at the same time, but one of them heard a mild, gentle command to "stand back ! One at a time now," and looking around he found himself facing a little one-shot derringer pistol in the hands of the teacher's wife. Cooly and quietly she informed him that it was hardly fair for two big stalwart men to jump on a little 125-pound school teacher, and if he really wanted to fight he could wait a few moments and the teacher would accommodate him. In the meantinme the teacher and the other trustee were engaged in a desperate combat, and for a time it looked as if the teacher would get the worst of the fight. The scared children stood in groups and looked on, rude school house furniture was scattered about over the dirt floor as the battle raged. Finally the teacher lifted one of the short split-log benches and brought it down across the head of his antagonist, and the fight was ended. The other trustee decided he did not want to fight; had nothing "agin" the teacher or the old flag, and was willing to shake hands and be friends. The unconscious trustee was washed up and revived and the teacher and the other trustee hauled him home in a wagon, and from that day he was a good friend to the teacher and to the school. A few years ago this same trustee, in conversation with the writer, said: "I will never forget that fight. I was in the wrong and should have known better. Fact is, up to that time I was still a rabid secessionist, I had never been reconstructed, but when that split-log bench fell upon me reconstruction was immediate. John Hunter was the best teacher we ever had, and our friendship endured through all the remaining years."

John Hunter taught school at Willow City, Voca, Mason, Loyal Valley, Peter's Prairie, Menardville, Fort McKavett and other places in that part of Texas. He was a typical frontier teacher, and many interesting incidents happened which, if printed in a book, would be read by thousands of men and women throughout the country who were his pupils. At Camp San Saba, in Mc-

Culloch county, in 1882, his school was made up of some of the toughest characters that ever infested West Texas. One term there were seventeen boys, ranging from 12 to 25 years old, and of the seventeen it is said ten were eventually sent to the penitentiary for crimes ranging from horse theft to murder. They were so obstreperous that he had to form them in line, convict fashion, and march them to the play-ground during recess, and accompany them to keep them from fighting, and in spite of all precautions they would scrap anyhow. One day a fight took place in the line and one boy stabbed another in the hip. breaking off the blade of his pocket knife and leaving it embedded in the hip-bone of his victim.

After many years of this kind of life, he decided to retire from the school room, and while teaching at Menardville in 1891 he purchased the Menardville Record, a weekly newspaper, from R. L. Bourland, and thereby became a newspaper man, which profession he followed until his death. In 1892 he moved his his plant to Mason, and established the Mason Herald, which for more than fifteen years was an outspoken, fearless newspaper. Disposing of the Herald, he afterwards went to San Angelo, where for a number of years he was connected with the San Angelo Daily Standard as an editorial writer, and died there January 12, 1915. For more than thirty-five years he was a wonderful factor in helping to build West Texas, and make it a region of improved citizenship. He loved Texas, and Texas' traditions, and he made the history of this state his chief study, and was one of the best informed men along these lines. Having learned the Spanish language when a boy, he afterwards took up its study and mastered it. This gave him a wonderful advantage in his research, because he frequently consulted the Spanish histories and authorities for facts relative to Texas history. With his passing Texas lost one of her most brilliant writers, and a man who could ill be spared.

Of John Warren Hunter's family there yet survives: His widow, Mrs. M. A. Hunter, at the present temporarily sojourning in California; and six children, Mrs. Frank M. McMahan of San Diego, California; Mrs. W. F. Bickenbach of Mason, Texas; Mrs. Will Colcord of Phoenix, Arizona; J. Marvin Hunter, of Bandera, Texas; Augustus W. Hunter of Stanton, Texas James Talmage Hunter of Globe, Arizona.

The following story, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," was written and published in Hunter's Magazine several years ago, and is covered by copyright in that journal. With characteristic modesty Mr. Hunter concealed his own identity and connection with the plot of the story, but we have no hesitancy in telling the reader that the boy whose escapades with the Home Guards will thrill you was none other than John Warren Hunter, and he was induced to write the story only by those who were nearest to him. There are people mentioned in "Heel Fly Time in Texas" still living in Lavaca county, and in fact throughout Texas, who will verify the truthfulness of every statement contained in it.

# HEEL-FLY TIME IN TEXAS.

By John Warren Hunter.

WHEN Texas withdrew from the Union and cast her lot with the Confederacy, and the call went forth throughout the land, thousands of men, good and true, men who were born and raised in the South could not serve their allegiance to the old flag and the constitution framed by their fathers, nor could they swear fealty to the new-born Confederacy, and for this reason many, very many, quietly withdrew, while others were forced to flee to escape the halter and seek the aslyum of the Rio Grande. Among those who "refugeed" was a young man from a North Texas county and his experience with the Texas Home Guards or "Heel Flies," as they were better known during the last two years of the war, may be better told in his own words:

"In the early fall of 1862 I ran off from my home in Hopkins county, North Texas, and made my way to Matamoras Mexico. I was only 15 years old but I

heard my father, who was loyal to the Union, say that the war then being waged would continue with increasing fury until the young manhood of the South would be sacrificed in camp and field, and that in all likelihood, before the close of another year, the Confederate authorities would be forced to adopt the course persued by Napoleon during the last years of his wonderful career, and by means of conscript law force every able-bodied male inhabitant from 16 years of age to 60, into the Confederate army. Although my father had owned slaves and was every inch a Southern man he was opposed to the war, and voted the Union ticket when the secession election was ordered, but I had no negroes to lose, did not consider that I had lost or was about to lose any country and to make a long story short, I lit out for Mexico.

After a series of adventures and arrests, I crossed the Rio Grande in January, 1863, going to Matamoras which is on the Mexican side of the river, opposite Brownsville and about one mile distant. who, like myself, had fled from Texas to avoid the conscript law, and during my stay along the south of the Rio Grande new arrivals from the Texas side were weekly, almost daily occurrence. Being unusually apt in picking up words and learning language, in the course of a year I had acquired a sufficient knowledge of Spanish to talk on any ordinary topic. Brownsville was occupied by the Confederate forces under General Bee, who hld the place until November of that year, when they stampeded and left on the approach of the Federals under General Banks.

During the summer of 1863 large numbers of the refugees—"renegades" they were called by the Confederates—gathered in Matamoras, and being in a foreign country, in a strange land and among strange people whose language they did not understand, as a natural consequence they became clannish, and having secured large quarters covering nearly half a block they lived together on the co-operative plan. The American consul, Mr. Pierce, came often to our quarters and held out glowing inducements to those who wanted to go north. Free passage across the Gulf and a large and tempting bounty was offered to those who would enlist in the Federal army at New Orleans, and free transportation to any point within the Federal lines to those who chose to remain noncombatants. I begged the men to refuse service in the Federal army. "Boys if you can't fight for the South, don't fight against it." But my exhortation had little effect, and hundreds accepted the offered bounty, went to New Orleans and joined the army.

Shortly after my arrival in Matamoras I became acquainted with a gentleman whom I will call Mr. Cox, athough that was not his right name. Before the war he was a well-to-do farmer and lived on the Colorado river about four miles from Columbus, Texas. He was a great admirer of Sam Houston, and like Houston and thousands of other patriotic Texans looked upon secession as the rankest treason and that it would overwhelm the South with untold misfortune and disaster. He was a plain, outspoken man, and on account of his adhesion to Union principles he was forced to flee the vengeance of his enemies—former frinds—and seek refuge in Mexico, his family remaining in Colorado.

In the early part of February, 1864, Mr. Cox came to me and said that back home on the Colorado he had a span of large mules and that if I would venture that far into Texas, get those mules, and bring them to him in Matamoras, he would give me two hundred dollars in gold. He would furnish me a good horse and saddle and pay all expenses. He was running a hack line in the city, doing a general transfer business and stood in great need of the mules. A good mule at that time was worth $300 to $350 and there was none in the market.

"Well but what about the 'Heel Flies' Mr. Cox?" said I, "The woods are full of those pesky Home Guards, and I wouldn't like to be caught."

He assured me that my knowlede of Spanish would enable me to pass as a Mexican; that hundreds of Mexicans were on the road with ox and mule teams hauling cotton from Alleyton to Brownsville—Alleyton then being at the terminus of Harisburg, Colorado & Buffalo Bayou railroad and only three miles from Columbus—and that dressed out in a Mexican suit, I would have no trouble in deceiving the Heel Flies and getting out with the mules. He would give me a letter to his wife and also a sum of money to deliver to her and the letter he would conceal so that no one would find it, however diligent they might search. With route I could easily find food, shelter and

friendship, and that my expenses would be nominal.

I studied over the matter for a few days and being young and inexperienced and having a desire for adventure, where there was no prospect of fighting, I decided to accept the offer and so reported to Mr. Cox, and three days later I crossed the Rio Grande, clandestinely, some five miles above Brownsville, and began the long, and at times, lonesome journey to Columbus. Mr. Cox had provided for me a splendid Spanish horse, a good traveler, easy gaits, lithe, fleet and exceedingly strong. He had also furnished me with a good saddle, quirt and Spanish blanket, besides a suit of clothing after the Mexican pattern, that when donned, gave me every appearance of being a "puro Mejicano," except the light hair, blue eyes and fair complection. I wore this Mexican costume without misgiving, being fully convinced that I could deceive any conscript officer who could not speak Spanish better than I.

I came into the main road at Sal Colorado, or Arroyo Colorado and pursued the main route to King's ranch, 125 miles from Brownsville. As Brownsville was the only port open to Confederacy the road was lined with trains of cotton wagons, and I had no trouble in obtaining food from these Mexican trains. At King's ranch I met a company of mounted troops, one of whom asked me about water on the route, while another bantered me to swap horses, but I answered in Spanish by which they were made to believe that I was an ignorant Mexican who couldn't talk English.

I crossed the Nueces at San Patricio, where I camped with a Mexican cotton train. Close by was an ox train from my own country in North Texas, and I recognized two of the teamsters as old neighbors to my father. One came into camp and tried to trade for my pistol. He had a Mexican who belonged in the train and who spoke English, to interpret for him when he found I could not (would not) speak English. I had never heard a word from home since the hour I left and here were two men, only a few months out from the dear old home! I wanted to ask them about the kind old father at home, the little brother and sister, and the neighbor boys, who had gone to war, who had been killed, who had come home with wounds—but I dared not say a word; I must not make myself known; they were Confederates; one had assisted in the hanging of the three Howards and two Hembys—Union men—at Oxford's bridge, near Charleston, and as they did not recognize me, I could not afford to betray my identity. However these two men, with others of their train abandoned the Confederacy when they reached Brownsville and skipped into Mexico,. I met them the following summer, and recalled our meeting at San Patricio.

I crossed the San Antonio river at Goliad. Here I encountered the Heel Flies and here my troubles began. I had not proceeded half way across the public square when I was surrounded by about twenty boys and one or two old men, who informed me that I was under arrest and must give an account of myself. A few of them had mastered a few words of Spanish and as I couldn't (wouldn't) talk English, they could not understand me, and I wouldn't understand them. They took hold of my bridle and with drawn pistols led me to the commandant's office. This commandant was the enrolling officer, and a dapper little bunch of hair and bluster. I soon learned that he had no love for the d—d greasers. He had lived among them all his life at San Antonio and Goliad, and he could distinguish a Mexican from an American during the hours of the darkest night. He could smell a greaser anywhere and I didn't look like a Mexican to him. He thought he had seen me before, and believed that I belonged to that gang that lived over on the Medio. He called on a member of his company to interpret me but the fellow had to confess he couldn't understand me. Finally this little captain told his orderly to go round to some place in town and ask Miss Annie Inman to come to his office. Miss Inman was a fine Spanish scholar and she could tell mighty quick whether this young fellow was a Mexican. When the orderly came back he informed Captain Hair and Bluster that Miss Inman had gone out home but would be back the next morning. I was then ordered to the guard house. A man, or rather a boy, came and took my horse away while another squad marched me off to the carcel, the Captain taking charge of my pistol, saddle and blanket. In the guard house I found 12 or 15, about interpret me but the fellow had to concould converse with; with Americans I dared not speak. From the Mexicans I learned that nearly all these Americans

and two or three of the Mexicans had been rounded up by the Heel Flies as deserters or as subjects to conscription. I was further told that these conscripts would be sent under guard to Galveston Island and put to work on fortifications. When I was first ushered into the presence of this delectable company, a loud mouthed Mexican began to question me, and when I told him I was a Mexican he bawled out: "Pue creo que estais Americano!" (I believe you are an American) I could have throttled the scoundrel, but I suppressed my wrath and soon engaged in conversation. He was under arrest charged with the theft of a saddle from a mule train that had camped near town, and as the property had been found in his possession, and as he had no witnesses to prove that he had bought it, the outlook was rather gloomy He told me he lived on the river below Goliad and had been raised just across the river at old La Bahia. I asked him if he knew Mr. Inman. He said he knew a Mr. Inman who lived below town on the river. He said he was a good man—muy buen hombre. "He is a strong Union man," said he, "and is now being held in jail at Gonzales on account of his Union sentiments," I questioned him with regard to Miss Inman. "Miss Annie Inman is his daughter," said the Mexican. "She speaks Spanish like a native and is well liked by the Mexican people."

I felt relieved when I received this information. If the father lay in prison because he was loyal to the Union, surely his daughter would befriend me. If I could only communicate with her before being arraigned before the little captain all would be right. On this score I felt easy. But the Captain had my saddle, on which was my quirt. Now, if he got to nosing around and take a notion to tear open that quirt handle!

When the guard called for me the next morning I gave my loud mouthed friend a dollar and in return received his fulsome protestations of everlasting friendship. His name he said was Don Jose Pampelino. More anon.

I was taken before his august porposity, the little captain, about 9 o'clock and found a young lady, whom I took to be Miss Inman, in waiting. The captain was engaged with another case and with a wave of his hand motioned me to a seat near the young lady whom I engaged in conversation. I drew from her the fact that her father was a Union man and was at that moment held as such in jail in Gonzales, the sentiment in Goliad county being so strong against him as to necessitate his removal to Gonzales. I then openly declared to her my true identity and appealed to her to help me out of this extremity. I told her I had "refugeed" to Mexico and that I was then on my way passing incognito to Columbus, on urgent business, and wouldn't she help me? She assured me that she would do all she could in my behalf, and when my turn came the little captain had many questions to propound through his fair interpretor, Miss Inman. I told him my name was Juan Montero de Garcia and that I was un puro Mejicano; that my home was in Matamoras; that my people, the Garcias were wealthy and prominent and that I was going to Columbus to relieve my brother who owned and had charge of a large mule train, hauling cotton for the Confederate government to Brownsville. The brother had fallen sick and the father had sent me to his relief. Miss Inman interpreted my positive statement and then explained to the captain that there could be no doubt as to the truth of my story and that I was a full-blood, natural born Mexican, and I was released! My horse, saddle, pistol, blanket—everything was restored to me and the little captain—now all smiles and condecension tendered the Senor Garcia the most profuse apoligies for having been compelled to detain him, and he hoped he would pardon and forget the seeming indignities he had suffered. It was one of the most unfortunate exigencies of the war, etc.

I never met a more worthy patriotic girl than Miss Inman. Before taking leave of her, she told me where she lived on the river and asked me to visit the family home on my return, advising me to avoid Goliad in the future. I took her advice.

With a light heart I resumed my journey, little dreaming of the perils that awaited me.

It was my intention to follow the Columbus road via Halletsville in Lavaca county, but a few miles out from Goliad I met a Mexican mule train loaded with cotton and from the "amo" or "boss" I larned that a company of Home Guards was stationed at Halletsville and they allowed no one to pass without a most rigid scrutiny and not wishing to run the risk of another Goliad episode, I

changed my route, crossed the Guadalupe below Clinton, the Lavaca at Wallace's Mill, and reached Columbus without further mishap.

When the Civil War had advanced to a certain stage and the Confederate armies had become weakened by losses from sickness and desertions, in order to recruit the depleted ranks, resort was had to the conscript system which required every able bodied male between limit was extended so as to include all under 60 years—to go into service. There the ages of 16 to 45—and later the age were certain exemptions such as ministers of the gospel actively engaged in their calling, physicians, millers and many others. Also, the man who owned or controlled twenty negroes capable of doing field work was exempt. As a result of these legal exemptions, it has been said that never in all our history has Texas had so many preachers and doctors as during the last two years of the war.

In order to enforce this conscript law law effectively, an enrolling officer law effectively, an enrolling officer to assist this officer, a Home Guard was organized in each county. This Home Guard was usually made up of boys under or about 16 years of age, and old men whose age and decrepitude rendered them unfit for the regular service in the army. These guards were expected to assist in the collection of tithes levied by the government on corn, wool, cotton, and other products and above all to aid the conscript officer to hunt down and arrest every man subject to military service. They were expected to seek out and catch deserters, to do guard duty, and other tosks too numerous to mention. It may be said that the old men who belonged to these companies were nearly always laid up with rheumatism, or other ailments, real or feigned, and were seldom on duty, thus leaving the burden of service to rest on these embryo heroes of rustic chivalry. These lads were commanded generally by older men who were, for some cause or another, exempt from the regular service, but the subordinate officers from captain down, were usually beardless youths. In order that home and neighborly ties might not intrude to obstruct their line of duty, these companies were changed from county to county, the company organized in one county being transferred to another county and visa versa, so that no favors might be shown those subject to conscription.

These rawhide soldiers soon became a terror to the people among whom they were thrown. They respected no age, nor sex, nor conditions. If they purchased an article and the vender refused the worthless Confederate money, he was denounced as a traitor, a Unionist, the article appropriated and the owner threatened with arrest. Returning soldiers, on furlough because of disabling wounds, received in battle, were held up by these arrogant stripplings on the highway, their papers demanded and examined, and if they chanced to be well mounted and carried valuable arms, a flaw was found in their papers; these had to be sent to Houston or Austin for further scrutiny, while the unfortunate soldiers who had passed through the carnage of battle at the front had to remain in the guard house until their papers came back—unless willing to part with horse, arms, or a moity of cash, in the event of which he was allowed to escape.

The Home Guards were armed with such weapons of destruction as the country could afford. Hunting or squirrel rifles of ancient pattern, single barrel shotguns, pepper-box pistols, an occasional Enfield, and six-shooters composed the armament. When a returning soldier on a furlough or discharge was found with a six-shooter, it was taken as a forced loan. The owner was informed that while off duty he had no use for a six-shooter; that they needed it, since they were in active service for their country, and that when he got ready to start back to the army he could have his pistol. Of course he heard no more of his gun.

Such was the high-handed, outrageous conduct of the Home Guards, not only in a few sections but throughout the state generally, that they obtained the sobriquet of "Heel-Flies" on account of the similarity of their course to the tortuous proclitivities of a pestiferous insect so well known to cattlemen all over Texas. No class of men, or rather stripplings, in our great state has ever been the recipient of more righteous contempt heaped upon them by patriotic men and women of Texas than these Home Guards, many of whom may be seen today wearing the badge reserved for battle-scarred heroes at ex-Confederates' Reunions, and it is stated on good authority that some are drawing a Confed-

erate veteran's pnsion from the state and swear loudest because the stipend is not larger.

At the time of which I write, all the Confederate ports were blockaded by the Federals and the towns along the Rio Grande afforded the only open outlet for cotton. Brownsville, the most important of these, had been held by the Federals during the winter of '63, but these were being withdrawn to engage in the Red River campaign, and Brownsville once more became the great cotton shipping point, and highways leading from all points of the state became lined with mule trains laden with cotton for the Rio Grande. Freight rates were high and a vast number of Mexicans, who lived in Mexico, engaged in the transportation of the staple from interior points in Texas. Alleyton, three miles east of Columbus, Colorado county, was the terminus of the railroad then leading out from Harrisburg on Buffalo Bayou below Houston, and thousands of bales were shipped by rail to this point, loaded on wagons, and hauled through Brownsville, a distance of over 300 miles.

As near as I can remember, Columbus at that time was a town of some 400 or 600 inhabitants. It was, as now, situated on the west bank of the Colorado river in a beautiful plain, which extended back to a low range of hills running parallel with the river valey.

The Halletsville road, by which I approached, having come into that highway a few miles out, descended into this plain about a mile southwest of town and pursued a northeast course. Here and there in this open plain were scattered stately live oak trees, the grass was getting green and several large trains were encamped, waiting to be loaded with cotton, as this was the best camping place to be found anywhere nearer Alleyton.

I had no trouble in locating a train encampment whereat to make my headquarters. Hospitality is a leading trait of the Mexican's religion; the stranger is never turned away from his gate, and he will divide his last scrap of tortilla and spend his only centavo for the hungry guest. It was near sundown when I unsaddled at the camp of Senor Nenoe Garcia, the owner of a large mule train waiting for a shipment of cotton from Houston. I received the customary welcome at this train and after supper I took Senor Garcia aside and under strict confidence explained my mission—told him all—and asked permission to remain about his camp for a few days and that in case of trouble I hoped he would help me out to an extent wherein he would not become culpably involved. Although a citizen of Mexico—his home being near Matamoras—Senor Garcia was in close sympathy with the Unionist cause. He cherished a bitter feeling against the Confederates on account of the murder of a nephew the summer before. He said this nephew lived on the Texas side and was conscripted into the army and, while stationed at Brownsville, became violently insane and was placed in the guard house where, during one of his paroxysms, he was bayoneted to death by the guards.

Senor Garcia told me that I was welcome at his camp; could stay as long as I desired, and that in so far as lay in his power he would protect me and render any needed assistance; that while I was an American by birth, yet, I was a Mexican by adoption and this being the case, if questioned he could say I was "un puro Mejicano"—a pure Mexican. He also warned me against the Home Guards. He said a company of some forty or fifty men had their headquarters in Columbus and that more or less arrests were made every day, and that owing to my fair complexion it would be a miracle if I escaped the attention of the Heel Flies. That night I slept well, realizing that I was in the tents of my friends. I learned that Senor Garcia's train had been there in camp three days and would probably be there a week longer waiting for the cargo of cotton.

The next morning I joined a group of Mexican teamsters and strolled around town. In dress and manner I would have passed anywhere as a Mexican and, althqugh considerably bronzed from exposure to sun and wind, I was in a state of uneasiness lest my nationality be discovered by my sharp-eyed countrymen. We passed the quarters, a low frame building, where the Heel Flies were stationed and I took care to count all in sight—twenty-two only, and only five or six of these were men who seemed to be over twenty-five or thirty years old. The rest were mere boys, swaggering young bullies. We had occasion to pass these quarters several times during the day and I noticed that we were closely watched by the gallant soldiers. Late that evening four of them, well mounted, rode out to our camp and after riding

around the train with eyes alert, halted before a group and asked for the wagon master. The camp cook, who spoke English indifferently and acted as interpreter for the train men, was called forward and informed our visitors that Senor Garcia had gone over to Alleyton that afternoon and had not returned. They next asked if all who were in the train were Mexicans, and the cook promptly replied "Yes, alle Messican; no gotta nobody but Messican in dees train," Looking straight at me one of them said: "You are not a Mexican." Assuming an air of the utmost indifference (which required a great effort) I turned to the interpreter with the inquiry, "Que dice?" The cook blandly assured them that I was a Mexican and couldn't understand a word of English, after which they rode away, greatly to my relief.

The day following we made our usual rounds about town and visited the only grogshop in the place. They called these dispensaries of liquor, "groceries" in those days, and in this particular shop a one-legged man sold over the bar the most villainous decoction of liquid damnation I have ever tasted. A number of Heel Flies were loafing about the place, some of whom were drinking and these were noisy and boastful, and I heard one of them mention the vile stuff the one-legged man was dealing out as "Pine-Top Whiskey." It was two-bits a drink, specie, and if there was ever a concoction that would make a rabbit spit in a bull dog's eye, slap his ears, and dare him to mortal combat, that "Pine-Top Whiskey" was certainly the real article.

Nearby this "grocery," on another street was what I took to be the office of conscript, or enrolling officer. I have no means of knowing just what rank he held, but he was a small man with a red face, pock-marked, and sported a big mustache. Every time I passed his office he seemed to be pretty busy. He kept a couple of orderlies and there was a small crowd about his place most of the time. To my sorrow I learned more about that office later on.

My horse having become thoroughly rested from the fatigue of my journey, on the third day after my arrival, I decided to visit Mrs. Cox and find out something about those mules and the propects of getting them out of the country. Before leaving Mexico, Mr. Cox had given me clear and explicit directions as to how I should proceed from Columbus in order to reach his farm, hence I had no need to make inquiry, even had I been at Liberty to do so. During my two days' stay at Columbus I had not been idle. I had carefully noted everything of a military nature worthy of notice. The arms, accoutrements, dress, horses—everything pertaining to these unwarlike young bragadocios—had been studied and I decided that I had not much to fear at their hands, yet I resolved to maintain the utmost caution and vigilance.

As before stated, the Cox farm was about four miles below Columbus on the Colorado. Shortly after dark I left the Mexican camp an soon found myself at the goal of my hopes. When within a short distance of the residence, I concealed my horse in a grove and stealthily I made my way to a point near the house. I heard voices at the house and soon discovered that a party of merry-makers had possssion of the home and were hilariously celebrating—probably the return of some soldier boy from east of the Mississippi. I found concealment in the shrubbery, sufficiently near the house to enable me to hear the conversation and the songs rendered by merry voices. They sang "The Contraband," "Girl with the Home-Spun Derss," and other popular songs of that war period. I remember yet a couple of stanzas of a song, sung with a spirit that night by three or four male voices. They ran something like this:

Old Honest Abe, you are obeyed
For military glory;
An arrant fool, a party tool,
A traitor and a tory.
"You are a boss, a mighty 'hoss'
A-snorting in the stable;
A racer too, a kangeroo,
But whip us if you're able.

To me the hours seemed long and weary, and I suppose it was past the hour of midnight when the crowd broke away and left. I waited until all became still and quiet. A light gleamed from a window and I knew that someone, probably the lady whom I wished to see was yet astir. I realized that the crucial moment had arrived, although I was burdened with many fears and misgivings. I knew not how many revelers remained; there might be several of the

Home Guards in the house to spend the night, and in the act of approaching the mistress of the house I might run up against a "Heel-Fly." But at length I decided to hazard everything in an effort, and stepping lightly on the porch I rapped softly at the front door. A femine voice within said: 'Who is that?' "Is that you, Mrs. Cox?" I askd. "Yes who are you and what do you want?" came the reply in low soft tones. "I am a stranger, Madam, from Mexico, and have letters from your husband for you." In an instant the door was opened and the lady asked me to come in and be seated. I declined, prefering to remain voice, inaudible to any who might chance under cover of darkness, and in a low to be within, I told her of my disguise, my mission, and who sent me, and then gave her my quirt and told her to rip open the handle and she would find a letter from her husband concealed therein. She insisted on my remaining until morning, assuring me that she thought I would be safe under her roof. When I mentioned the Heel Flies she laughed and said there would be little danger from that source, and gave me the startling information that her son was lieutenant in the company of Home Guards stationed in town; that he had accompanied a young lady home from the party that night, and she was expecting his return at any moment. She assured me that he would not give me away, but would befriend and protect me as far as he could. I told her that her husband had advised me not to sleep under any roof after having crossed the San Antonio river and that, with the exception of one night spent in the guard house at Goliad, I had observed his admonition and that under no circumstances would I consent to sleep in the house where there were Heel Flies under the same roof and that I would go back to camp, but would wait on the outside until she had read her huband's letter. I then withdrew to my hiding place where I had been but a few moments when I heard the clatter of horses' feet and I drew the conclusion that her son was returning, and if he should prove obstreperous I might soon be in the hands of the Heel Flies.

The horseman came to the gate, dismounted, threw his saddle on the fence, led his horse around to a lot, and entered the house from the rear. I then went to his saddle and examined it, but found no arms. From the fence I drew near the house and for one time in my life did some "eavesdropping." I could hear the lady's voice as if reasoning or pleading, and could hear a male voice, but could not understand what either was saying. After some little time the lady came out into the yard and said: "Come on in, you are safe." I made no reply. Her son then came out and she said, as if speaking to him: "I do wonder if he is gone!" After a pause she called again, "Young man, come on in, you are perfectly safe; don't be afraid." Moved by this assurance I emerged from the darkness and went in, they, mother and son, leading the way into a room where a flickering lamp—an old saucer filled with grease into which a twisted rag was submerged, forming a wick—cast a sickly light over the surroundings. I did not fancy the young lieutenant's looks. I soon sized him up to be a spoilt boy, a sour-natured chap, and not to be trusted, although he seemed quite affable and offered me a chair, but I noticed that he was careful to place his own chair between me and the door, where a shot-gun sat against the wall in easy reach. This riled me and I thought the best policy then and there would be to put on a bold front and be plain at the outset and I said to the lady: "Madam, I suppose you have read Mr. Cox's letter by this time and you surely know that I am not playing false. You have assured me of your protection, and on that assurance I have placed myself in your power to some extent, but I don't like the looks of things here and you, young man, don't you dare to reach for that gun. I learn that you belong to the Heel Flies up in town but your mother has told me that you are all right and I hope it is that way. Your father employed me to come here and I am working for your interests, and there must be no misunderstanding. As you see, I am prepared to take care of myself I know that at a word you can have all your Heel Fly company after me, but I want to tell you that it will be a bad day for some of you before you ever get me in your guard house." Of course this was in the nature of a "bluff" and I learned later that I had been too hasty and formed the wrong opinion of the young man.

The mother explained by saying that the feeling had been so strong against her husband on account of his being a Union man, that her son was compelled

to join the Home Guards to save their property from confiscation, and that, while his sentiments were like those of his parent, to all appearances he had to be a "good Confederate." The young man confirmed all she said and told me that he would shield me from all danger, and that I could rely implicitly on his word. When this point was settled the conversation turned to the subject of my errand. The lady informed me that the two mules, in charge of a younger son and a neighbor, had been started the day before to Fort Bend county on the Brazos for corn for the horses belonging to the Home Guards and they would not be back under four or five days. All the difficulties of the situation, pro and con, were discussed and it was agreed that I should remain incognito about the Mexican encampments near town, until the fifth day, which fell on a Friday, at which time during the night I was to return to the Cox home and if the mules had arrived, final arrangements were to be made for my departure. When this was settled upon, the mother withdrew to an adjacent room to prepare a luncheon and this gave the young man a chance to talk. He told me a great deal about the Heel Flies and their devilment; the tyranny of the conscript officers, and the hardships of the people. He showed that those who refused to volunteer and were arrested were sent under a strong guard to Galveston Island where they were compelled to drill severaal hours each day with heavy artillery and that, owing to exposure, bad water and poor rations, the mortality was fearful. He further stated that his company, then at Columbus, had been stationed at Hallettsville and that a company from Victoria, in which there were a number of Mexicans, was expected to reach Columbus soon and his company would be sent to Victoria. During the day, he said, he had to be with his company, but very often he had to leave to spend the night with his mother at home. He had seen me in town and his suspicions had been aroused as to my being a real Mexican; others had become suspicious and he had advised me to stay out of town. He further informed me that these Home Guards were serving almost without pay since Confederate money was worthless, and that on this account, the temptation to steal rob and take bribes, was almost irresistable. No one wanted to go into the army and those who could get away were going to Mexico.

I enjoyed a well served post-midnight supper with that hospitable mother and son, and, although urgently solicited to remain until morning, and given every assurance of safety, I resolutely declined; bade them goodbye, and a short while before dawn I reached Senor Garcia's camp on the outskirts of Columbus.

The morning after my visit to the Cox home Senor Garcia called me aside and informed me that he was sorely afraid that I was going to get into trouble and that my presence in his camp might involve him. He said those "Soldados" as he was pleased to call them, were watching me and that he believed his camp was under continual espionage. The evening before, and while returning from Alleyton and passing through town he had been held up by a brace of the Heel Flies who seemed to be in wait for him. He was taken before an official whom he took to be a colonel, or some other functionary, who put him under some sort of an oath and quizzed him closely to know if any American, soldier or citizen, had been stopping at his camp at any time since his coming to Columbus. The examination, he said, was conducted through an interpreter who didn't know enough Spanish to ask for bread. He told them no Americans had been about his camp except a few citizens who had brought eggs and butter to sell, a few teamsters inquiring for their stock, and a few of the Home Guards. He told me he did not regard the oath they administered as binding and as he could not understand the interpreter's blundering rendition, and besides he wasn't sworn on the cross nor on the gospels, and furthermore, the man who administered the oath was "un hereje,' a heretice. The senor was a devout Catholic. I assured him that I had no desire, whatever, to cause him trouble, that I had no fears for my own safety, but if it was his wish I would go elsewhere and seek shelter, a course which I very much disliked as a change to another encampment would tend to confirm the suspicions of the authorities and force me to leave sooner than I expected. He told me he wanted me to remain, but insisted that I use more caution and stay away from town, which I promised to do.

Later in the day the senor came to me and expressed some doubt as to my

ability to get away with those mules. What if, mule like, they should become stubborn and refuse to lead? I would have to neck them together and, and what if they should refuse to be driven? He told me of a young man who, owing to some misunderstanding, had been discharged from another mule train and was anxious to return to Mexico but did not care to go alone. I told him to send for the Mexican, and when he came it did not take us long to close a deal. I found him to be a comely young man of ready address, prepossessing appearance, and far above the average in intelligence, and he impressed me as Senor Garcia had said, as a man who could be trusted with entire confidence. His father at one time had been a merchant in Corpus Christi, where the lad learned to speak English; later he moved to Oaxaca, Mexico, where, on the breaking out of the War of the Intervention, 1861, the young man enlisted in the Liberal army. At the siege and capture of Puebla by the French in May, 1863, he was taken prisoner, later escaped near Vera Cruz, and with others, boarded a vessel and landed at Bagdad at the mouth of the Rio Grande, where he joined a mule train as teamster and later accompanied the train to Columbus. The name of that young Mexican was Ciriaco Lopez, and I must say that on that day began a friendship between the writer and that young man that has existed to the present day—a friendship that the lapse of time has cemented by renewed tokens of affectionate regard, covering a period of more than 46 years.

I remained close in camp all day with my new friend, Don Ciriaco, who gave me a history of his career as a soldier, and expressed his intention to rejoin the Liberal army on his return to Mexico. The next morning about 10 o'clock, I noticed an American boy lingering about the camp, carrying a bridle on his arms as if stock hunting He looked to be about 11 years old. After loitering around for some time and seeing me alone for a moment he timidly drew near and in a tone of voice scarcely audible said: "Aren't you the gentleman that saw my papa, Mr. Cox, in Matamoras?" "Yes, Bud," said I, "What is it now?" "Well," said the lad, brightening up, "I am Jim Cox. My mother says for you to come tonight at 12 o'clock," and without another word, or waiting for a reply, the boy was off. I called to him as he moved away but he only pointed in the direction of town, which gesture I understood to mean "heel fly" and he soon disappeared in the direction of the river.

Here was another perplexity. Those mules could not have returned from the Brazos so soon, and why should the lady summon me to her home at such an unreasonable hour? Could it be that her son the gallant lieutenant in a "Heel Fly" company, C. S. A., had turned traitor to his father's best interest? Evidently there was villiany abroad somewhere. I recalled the adage that a secret is safe in only one bosom. Here my secret was known to four—myself, Mrs. Cox, her two sons, and the Lord only knows how many others. I consulted Senor Garcia but he was equally puzzled, and could only forecast troublesome times ahead. He was of the opinion that there was treachery somewhere, and advised me to take Ciriaco with me that night. I decided to follow his counsel, and long before midnight we were in concealment in a grove near the Cox home. I instructed Ciariaco not to tie out horses, but to hold the reins in his hands and to be on the alert for certain signals agreed upon in case of distress, and we also decided on a place of rendezvous in the event of a separation. We had no means to determine the hour but having decided that it must be near 12 o'clock, I stealthily ventured up to the house, rapped on the door, and Mrs. Cox appeared. Her lieutenant son was absent and she had much to tell me, and for that reason she had sent her youngest son that morning that I might come and be warned of my danger, and hers. On the night of the party a young lady, who lived in town, had attended, and remained overnight. She thought she was asleep in another room but she believed now she was awake and listening. At any rate the "Heel-flies" were on my trail and they were going to arrest me as a deserter from Benivide's regiment, then stationed along the Rio Grande. Her son had posted her and instructed her to advise me to "make tracks." A squad of those "Heel Flies" had taken supper at her house that night. They had two men whom they had arrested in the river bottoms that evening and were taking them to the guard house in Columbus where there were twenty-two prisoners being held, most of whom were to be taken to Harrisburg on the next

train. She was greatly worried. She wanted her husband to have those mules; they were liable to be seized at any hour; even now they were hauling corn for the Heel Flies, but she saw no chance for me to escape with them. I must not wait another day; if I tarried longer I would be arrested. She had friends in Lavaca county, about twelve miles from Halletsville, on the Lavaca river. If I could go there and wait she might be able to send the mules to me. But she had no one to send except the little boy, Jimmie, and she could not think of sending him so far alone. With part of the money I had delivered to her, sent by her husband, she could bribe one of the Heel Fly officers to take the mules as far as Lavaca, but she needed every cent of the money and, besides, the plan was fraught with too much danger. Exposure meant the confiscation of all she had left. I told her her suggestions were to the point if she could vouch for the honesty of her Lavaca friends. I explained that I had employed a reliable Mexican, who was at that moment nearby, and that he would take any chances to assist me. I would start the next morning and go to her friends on the Lavaca, while my Mexican could wait around Columbus until the mules came in from the Brazos. She could notify him and when all was in readiness, he, accompanied by her son, Jimmie, could start with the mules and by hard riding could cover the distance in one night. She suggested that the Mexican could get through without her son. I interposed the objection that owing to existing prejudice against the Mexicans he would likely be arrested if found traveling through the country with a fine span of mules, and I was sure my man would not assume the risk. I told her I had the utmost confidence in him and was willing to trust him, and that I saw no other means of escape with those mules. She consented to the arrangement, and in order of a full and comprehensive understanding of the program agreed upon might be had, I went to the grove and had Ciriaco accompany me to the house and introduced him to the lady. After some conversation with him, I could see that she was favorably impressed and, like myself, was willing to trust him. Every detail of our plans were gone over and arranged in Ciriaco's presence in order that he might clearly understand the program and to the execution of which he pledged his faithful service. This being settled upon, Mrs. Cox gave me directions as to how to find her friends on the Lavaca river. I was to go to A. B. McDonald and tell him my business and who sent me. Mr. McDonald, she said was an old pioneer Texan and an old time friend to her husband and family. At heart he was a Unionist, although he had a son in Garland's regiment, then east of the Mississippi, and a younger son in the Lavaca Home Guards, but he was a true man and was never known to betray a friend. Should I fail to find Mr. McDonald, then I was to go to Judge Riley Tate, Tom Hogan or old Dr. Ponton, all of whom were old Texans and friends to Mr. Cox, and from either of these men I would receive any aid I might need. Ciriaco was directed to follow the old Atascosa (corrupted into "Tuscaseet") trail leading out in a southwest course from Columbus, until within ten miles of the Lavaca, then due west until he came to the crossing at Mayo's Mill, which was only four miles from A. B. McDonald's. After crossing the Lavaca they would come out in a settlement where they could obtain information. Having reached an understanding, we arose to leave when Mrs. Cox took from beneath a mattress the identical quirt I had previously delivered to her, and charged me to deliver it back to her husband. I readily promised, and without further ceremony, bade this noble lady goodbye, not knowing that I would ever see her again.

Next morning Ciriaco assisted in my preparations for departure. When mounted I usually carried my pistol in my morral where it was quite convenient in case of need. On this particular morning I placed my pistol in this morral and over it I placed a package containing lunch, and one or two other small articles, thus hiding the weapon from view. My reasons for doing this was to make it appear that I was an unarmed traveler. While making this preparation, Criaco asked me to accompany him to the wagon train in which he had served and ascertain when he could get some money yet due him. If he could get the wagon master to agree to pay him on a certain day, then I would know when to expect him on the Lavaca with the mules. I consented and, after taking leave of the kind Senor Garcia, we rode away to the encampment which was

about 500 yards distant. As we mounted I noticed an unusual number of horses and mules about that train and called Ciriaco's attention to the matter, but he suggested that perhaps his former boss was getting ready to load up. There were 25 or 30 large wagons in this train and, according to custom while in camp, these wagons were corralled for convenience and protection. While approaching, we could not get a view of this corrall, but as we came nearer I noticed several horses saddled near the entrance. This looked suspicious, but Ciriaco scouted the idea of danger. We rode through the "puerto" or gateway of this corral to find ourselves covered with more than a dozen guns and six-shooters in the hands of as many "Heelflies," the most brigandish looking set of boys I ever faced. "Throw up yer hands, Mister Mexican-White-Man! Hit's you we want. Been a-looking fer ye right smart while. Got ye now!" I asked Ciriaco to speak to those men and find out what they wanted. I saw an amused look about my Mexican's face and was a little surprised at his coolness when he said: "Thees Mexican don'ta spek Ingles; he don'ta un'stan' what for you wanta heem." "The hell you say," snorted a lean, cadaverous long-hungry, flourishing an old pepper-box pistol.

"If he can't talk 'Merican, we'll larn 'im. But he can sp'out it all right when he wants to an' 'fore we git done with him he'll bleat 'er out fast. Cap'n Baker can spit the Mex'can lingo some hisself and he'll soon find out if he is a greaser or a Cajen." By this time they had siezed my horse by the bridle, and with their villianous guns held almost against me, they mounted and marched me off towards town. They made no effort to search me for arms, and as we started, I turned and called back to Ciriao: "Hasta luego, Caballero! No ha riesgo, estos malditos no son peligrosos!" and with a wave of the hand my man shouted back: "Ojala, Compadre! Ojala!"

As before stated, I had concealed my pistol in a morral which hung at my saddle bow. I wore a close fitting ornamented Mexican jacket, or roundabout, and in this garb it could be plainly seen that I was unarmed. At no time had I worn my pistol while in Columbus, as I knew the cupidity of these "Heelflies" and not having seen me armed at any time, I suppose accounts for the fact that when arrested they made no attempt to search me.

As we started out from the train, one of these tail-enders of Home Guard manhood tied a rope around my horse's neck and bound the other end to the horn of his saddle and when his brave companions mentioned the fact that such proceedure was useless, as they had their guns on me and a man on each side, one holding my bridle and others in rear and front, and that I could not possibly escape, he answered by saying: "Can't be too keerful. They haint no tellin' 'bout these greasers, an' this dandy lookin' feller might rattle his hocks if he gits half a chance." And then came a wrangle as to who should have my horse, one or two claiming that this fellow had placed his rope on the animal in order that he might have a better chance.

A thousand thoughts oppressed me as we rode toward town. Chagrin possessed me, in that I had deliberately rode into a trap and had been caught like a rat, and that, too, by a gang of ragamuffins too contemptible for a pelone dog to bark at! Then came an oppressive sense of dread. They had boasted that Captain Baker "could spit the greaser 'lingo too." Evidently, Captain Baker was the gentleman whom I had sized up as being the provost marshal, and what if he should prove to be a better scholar than I? With these thoughts and forebodings, Matamoras never seemed so far and Galveston Island so near on that cloudy morning at Columbus, and the prospect of involuntary servitude as a soldier in the Confederate army became oppressively glowing.

When we had reached Baker's office, which was about a block and a half from the building used as barracks and in a northwest course from the public square, the office fronting north, my captors removed the rope from my horse and dismounted and as they did so, Captain Baker came out, congratulated them on my capture and dismissed them, leaving me in charge of a gander-eyed chap who seemed to be on duty at the office door. From the conversation I overheard, it seemed these fellows had been out on a scout since the evening before, and hence their dismissal to quarters when we arrived at the office. I had dismounted with the rest and as

they rode off my new custodian, by words and signs, directed me to hitch my horse to a post which stood about 25 feet from the office door in the direction of the court house square. I made note of this and, in fact, all the surroundings with an eye to escape.

Several loiterers had collected by this time and it was interesting to hear their rude comment, "He don't look like a Mexican!" "He's a deserter trying to get to Mexico!" "Captain Baker can beat any Mexican talking Spanish and he'll find out mighty quick what he is!" These and other remarks went the round and, in effect, were anything but encouraging.

The sentinel directed me into the august presence of Ceptain Baker. His office was a little box concern, about 14x 18 feet, with a door opening north on the street and an open window, without sash, on the right of the door. On a pine table, at which his Highness sat, were a lot of papers, an old sword and a villianous looking Colt's pistol. I was offered no seat The loiterers crowded into the room and I was kept standing, waiting, while the captain seemed to be busy looking over some papers. Finally he pushed them aside and fixing a steady gaze upon me, as if trying to read my thoughts, he said gruffly: "So you claim to be a Mexican, eh?" With cool assurance I replied: "No entiendo, Senor, no hablo la idioma Ingles." (I do not understand sir; I do not speak English.) "You no understand, eh? You vive in Mexico? Comy sammy?" (What is your name?) These three questions, fired almost simultaneously, revealed the man I had to deal with and I could have shouted with laughter. Here was the dreaded official who could "spit Spanish" and could put a Mexican to shame talking the "greaser lingo!" "Comy sammy" for "como se llama," was the key to his ignorance of the Spanish language, and I felt secure on that score. However, in his broken, blundering way he proceeded with the examination. He took down my name, or rather the name I gave—Juan Montero de Garcia—and questioned me as to my nationality. With a mixture of bad English and Spanish he said my blue eyes, fair skin and light hair betrayed me, and that he did not believe I was a Mexican. I told him that there were many Mexicans who had complexions as fair as any American; that I had come to Columbus on honorable business; that I had made no attempt at concealment but, as he well knew, I had appeared daily on the streets with my companions and that I had plenty of witnesses to prove that I was "un puro Mejicano." When I mentioned "testigos"(witnesses) a new light seemed to dawn on his befuddled mind and, throwing down his pen, he said: "All right go bring your witnesses. You say your father is here, bring him along too. (I had not told him my father was there.) You may be a Mexican but I don't believe it. And see that your witnesses tell the truth. You bring a lot of greasers in here to lie for you and I'll have every one of you shot. Do you understand me?" During this "preliminary" a man was brought into the room wearing a ball and chain and guarded by two of the "Heel-fly" lads. He was a brigandish-looking individual and I wondered how these little milksop soldiers ever managed to catch him. He appeared to be a prisoner of noteriety and the little room was soon filled with a motley crowd of "Heel-flies" and others, among whom I noticed Lieutenant Cox. As I turned to push my way through the crowd to the door the captain said: "Lieutenant, this Mexican has one hour to bring in his witnesses. See that he has them here in that time." Cox paused just outside the door, while I proceeded to my horse and was in the act of unhitching when the man on guard at the door threw a rusty old shot gun down on me and said: "Let that ar horse alone; leave 'im right whar he's a-standin'!" Lieut. Cox repeated the order and advanced to where I was standing, swaggering, an swearing but when close to me he said in an under-tone: "Leave your horse; go round the block—watch your chance." Cox's movement attracted the attention of the crowd on the outside and with a "Si, senor teniente; ya me voy." I walked briskly away.

I kept up this brisk walk, not daring to look back, until I reached the corner of the block, where, instead of going on in the direction of Senor Garcia's camp, I turned south and slackened my gait to a slow walk. When I reached the next corner I turned east, continuing as directed by Lieutenant Cox, around the block. When I reached the street leading past the captain's office I saw that every man on the outside had crowded into the door and the window, craning

their necks to see and hear what was going on within. They seemed oblivious to everything outside that office; even the sentinel was not in sight, and I supposed they had crowded him out of the doorway The man with the ball and chain evidently was on trial and the importance of his case had overshadowed that of the man who claimed to be a Mexican. My horse stood as I had left him at the hitching post, only a few steps from the corner. I had been instructed by one having authority to watch my chance. Here it was, and I took it. I mounted my horse and rode slowly away until I had turned the corner, out of view of those at the little office, and I was off.

While sauntering around that block before securing my horse, I surveyed the surroundings and decided upon my course. To the southwest and west for quite a distance was the open plain, a large portion of which was in full view of the building occupied as barracks by the "Heel-flies" and also the corral and guard house where a sentinel stood guard. It would not do to try to escape across that open plain. Just below town there was a large field extending along the river to the edge of the village and a road led out from town between the field fence and the bank of the river. In this field there was a depression, or shallow slough, extending from the northwest corner of the field, diagonally in the direction of the south boundary of the enclosure, which latter I would guess contained a hundred acres more or less. When the river was swollen, its waters backed up and cornered this slough. I had noted this field and the road leading out and along the river bank, while loitering in town a few days before, but I had not traveled over it.

I chose the river route, aiming to reach the wooded river bottoms below the field. This route necessarily lead me across the court house square, just before turning into which, I saw a body of eight or ten horsemen leaving the square on another street and going in the direction of the captain's office. These appeared to be men—not boys,—they were well mounted, and one rode a large white horse. I turned aside and waited several minutes for these men to get out of sight, and by this act I lost valuable time, which came near being my undoing. In fact, it seems they had reached the office before I got across the square and evidently I had been seen while trying to avoid them. At all events, my sudden flight had doubtless been discovered about the time they rode up to the captain's office. To avoid attracting notice. I rode in a trot across the court house square and when I turned into the old road leading down the river I put my horse at a good speed and had gone but a short distance when to my utter chagrin, I found that a recent rise in the Colorado had washed out the bank up to the fence. The road had come to the "jumping off" place. The fence was of rails and "staked and ridered." I rode up and tried to throw off some of the rails; failing in the effort, I had to dismount and finally succeeded in tearing down the fence so that my horse could leap over into the field. I remounted and as my horse vaulted over the fence, my morral became unfastened and fell to the ground, causing another moments delay while recovering it. All this consumed time, and seconds were most precious just then. When I had secured my morral I heard the sound of horses' feet and glancing back, lo and behold, there came those wicked "Heel-flies!" There were four of them and they were coming down the road at full speed, not over 250 yards distant, and when they saw that I had discovered them, they opened fire with their pistols even at that great distance, and began yelling at me to halt and surreder.

The recent rise in the Colorado had filled the slough, or draw, in the field with water which now stands in places, although the waters of the river had subsided. The draw remained a slough of mud and slime and had the appearance of an unfathomable bog, but as I was hemmed and cornered I must cross it or be captured. It was my only means of escape and I was fully determined not to be caught again by those tatterdemaleons. My resolve was formed on the instant and putting spurs to my horse, he was soon to his flank in mud and slime. My valiant pursurers were still blazing away at me and as their bullets did not knock any mud or water in my face, I wondered if they were only firing into the air to make a noise. The width of this bog could not have exceeded forty feet and it was only after a most desperate struggle that my horse reached the opposite side where the ground was firm.

(To be continued.

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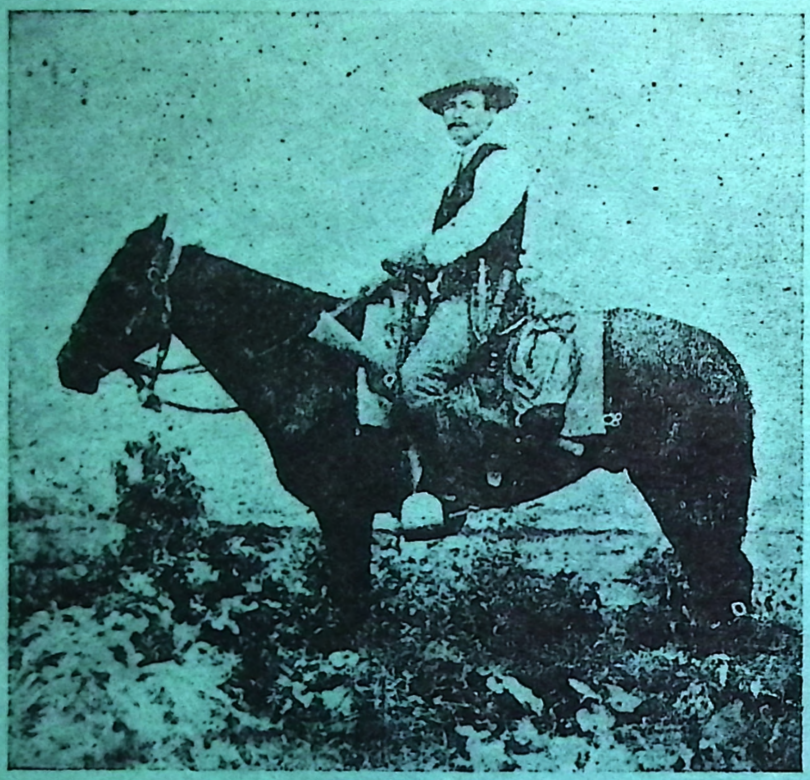

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